

THE LIVING AGE.

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TO READERS OF THE LIVING AGE.

In making remittance, please send UNITED STATES NOTES. Having the opportunity of establishing a *sound and uniform* Currency, let no man delay to make use of it; and to do what he can to make it the *only* paper money.

Bank Notes are very good—at least we have not had a bad one for a long time—but *while our Government stands*, its notes are *better* than any other: and "when that flag goes down" (to adopt the words of our gallant neighbor, Captain Selfridge of the Navy), "we are more than willing to go down with it."

TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

A friend in the country writes to us that he sees almost every week, in his country paper, some article copied from *The Living Age*, without acknowledgment. And he advises us to say as follows: (and so we proceed to say)

"We have been accustomed to *exchange* with many newspapers which we do not read, out of courtesy, or from remembrance of their early introduction of *The Living Age* to their readers. While some of these papers are very sensitive and tenacious in regard to credit due themselves, they habitually copy from us without acknowledgment, preferring to give credit only to the foreign journals, which we always quote. They thus set up a claim on their own subscribers, as if they (the newspapers) were at the trouble and expense of importing all the Quarterlies, Monthlies, and Weeklies. We are therefore forced to give notice that where we are overlooked in this way, we must stop the exchange."

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THE SHADOW DANCE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL BY R. W.
EMERSON.

WHAT ! dancing with your shadow, lovely reveller
in the moon ?

Is that the only lover of a child-heart full of
June ?

That dark and soulless shadow ? why, I thought
that only they

Loved their shadows, from whose bosoms life's
sweet love had passed away.

Every maiden has a lover, and the young o'er-
flowing heart

With the sweet decree of instinct, seeks its gentle
counterpart ;

There's a strain of love and passion in the low-
liest living thing ;

Don't you feel it Fanchon, when at night the
crickets sing ?

And are they shut to you alone, the gold-gates
of Romance,

Where youth and maid believe there are no shad-
ows in the dance ?

Oh, no, poor child ! they beat for you, all true
hearts 'neath the sun ;

Your worshippers are numberless, to one for
Madelon.

There's such a flood of loveliness engulfs your
figure round,

I seem to wonder what has wrought the shadow
on the ground ;

The white moon on the hair-gold, like a saintly
aureole gleams,

Is that your shade, fair dancer, or are you both
but dreams ?

Scarce heavier than your shadow is the lithe step
on the grass,

That hardly spills the dewdrops from the flowers
as you pass.

'Tis sweet to think it human, as you sweep from
grace to grace ;

Oh ! bonny dancer with a ghost, how you bewitch
the place !

I'd rather be the shadow flying where your foot-
steps go.

Than that poor dupe—the lover of a hundred
maids I know.

Itself too little human—yet so like it—to be false.
You've a graceful dusky partner for your mystic
reel and waltz.

Bend low and kiss the willing lips it cannot lift
to you ;

Oh ! gift it with your lovely life—that phantom
in the dew.

Earth, hold it to your bosom, never more to be
withdrawn,

When the sun goes down at even, or the moon is
set at morn.

I weep—but not in sorrow—to see you dance
alone,

With that dumb lover at your feet, emotionless
as stone ;

Some day your grief will vanish, but alas for
human pride,
Man's truest friend and lover is the shadow by
his side.

The shadow ! that with all new souls that bless
the earth is born,

The silent playmate of the child in life's enfolding
morn ;

Through youth to age pursuing, where'er man's
feet have strayed,

Till in the coffin's darkness they are mingled
shade with shade.

Oh ! where in mortal form is found such con-
stancy as this ?

O hollow-hearted friendships, I can buy you
with a kiss !

O boasted loves that vanish when a noble risk
is run,

You are the veriest shadows that are beneath the
sun.

I thank you, lovely charmer, for the hour that
gave to me,

With a forceful truth of nature in art's wondrous
mimicry,

The lesson of unselfish love that in a shadow lies,
And if transferred to human souls, would mock
the centuries.

I thank the Genius that creates great souls anew
in Art,

And to the high ideal, adds the woman in her
heart ;

Already see the lustre of that Genius flashing
by—

And all the mimic world, at last, will in its
shadow lie.

Boston, Mass.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

EMMAUS.

ABIDE with us, O wondrous guest !

A stranger still, though long possessed ;

Our hearts thy love unknown desire,

And marvel how the sacred fire

Should burn within us, while we stray

From that sad spot where Jesus lay.

So when our youth, through bitter loss,

Or hopes deferred, draws near the Cross,

We lose the Lord our childhood knew,

And God's own word may seem untrue ;

Yet Christ himself shall soothe the way

Towards the evening of our day.

And though we travel toward the west,

'Tis still for toil, and not for rest ;

No Fate, except with Life is done ;

At Emmaus is our work begun ;

Then let us watch, lest tears should hide

The Lord who journeys by our side !

—*Poems of Sorrow and Consolation.*

From The National Review.

THE POETRY OF OWEN MEREDITH.

Clytemnestra, the Earl's Return, the Artist, and other Poems. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall. 1855.

The Wanderer. By Owen Meredith. Second edition. Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Lucile. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall. 1860.

MR. OWEN MEREDITH'S poetry has won a considerable share of general popularity. Two of the books at the head of this article are already out of print, and he himself refers in his last long poem, with modest self-congratulation, to the gratifying fact that several of his early poems have been set to music, and are favorites with the young ladies of the present day. He has established a certain position, therefore, in the world which entitles him to the benefit of serious criticism at the hands of all who are jealous of the fame of English literature.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently invented a new name for the quality which characterizes permanent as contrasted with ephemeral fame, that fine, clear-cut individuality of touch which does not merely stimulate the mind with transient little shocks of interest, but engraves the form of a poet's thought on the memory, as distant hills are chiselled out against a sunset sky:—he calls it "distinction." "Of this quality," he says, "the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence and by undergoing its law. This quality at last invariably corrects the world's blunders and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet." And it will, we feel no doubt, convince the readers of English poetry, after careful study, that the clever writer who composes under the name of Owen Meredith has no part or share in the true poetic faculty.

Mr. Owen Meredith is by no means what would generally be called a dull writer. His verses shimmer like shot-silk with antithesis, sentiment, similes. There are smart hits at times, that show a considerable knowledge of the world. He admires nature and analyzes character, and versifies with a fatal fluency. But the more you read of him, the more clear it becomes that he is a poet of what we may call the decorative school, and that even his

decorative art is essentially meretricious. His poems remind us of the judgment passed by Eckermann (or shall we rather say by Goethe's mind speaking through Eckermann), and approved by the great poet, on a certain German poem: "They are the impressions of a dilettante who has more good intention than power, and to whom the highly developed state of our literature has lent a ready-made language which sings and rhymes for him, while he imagines himself speaking." And this seems to hit exactly the sort of talent displayed by Mr. Owen Meredith. He plays on what Coleridge calls the ready-made barrel-organ of our poetic phraseology with a facility that pleases the ear unaccustomed to true and individually elaborated poems. But the more you read the less you admire him; the colors with which his poetry is so liberally heightened seem all hot and glaring, and put on in patches, like rouge; the artificial tone of the pleasantry jars more and more; the sentiment is thick and blurred, and over-luscious, like Tokay: and, on the whole, you feel that this poetry is a gaudy artificial costume for life, which catches the eye at first as striking, but the enjoyment of which is soon exhausted. We are sorry to pass so severe a judgment on a poet who has no doubt attained a certain level of popularity; but we are convinced that it is a true one by many concurrent evidences, and fear that we can only too easily convince our readers also.

When we attempt to compare Mr. Owen Meredith's poems, or any poems of the same class, with a high poetical standard, we are vividly reminded of the fine passage in Plato's *Gorgias*, in which he compares with the four genuine Arts that concern themselves with preserving or restoring the well-being of the body and the mind,—namely, Gymnastics, Medicine, Law, and Justice,—the four imitative counterfeits which concern themselves not with the well-being but the temporary gratification of the body and the mind; the trick of dressing up the body so as to counterfeit the symmetry and beauty produced by gymnastic training, the trick of dressing up food so as to make it gratify the palate instead of imparting nourishment, the trick of recommending false measures to the people which salve over the public disorders instead of ensuring the well-being of the commonwealth, and finally, the trick of persuading the judges so as to gain for the criminal not

justice but impunity. This last spurious or counterfeit "dexterity,"—namely Rhetoric,—which is concerned not with procuring the true well-being of the soul, but its immunity from temporary pain, is defined by Socrates as "a state not belonging to true Art at all, but the quality of a soul ready in taking aim, and bold and clever by nature in its intercourse with men." It is impossible for a modern critic not to add to this enumeration of genuine Arts, and the corresponding parasitical dexterities which aim at a temporary gratification instead of true artistic standards,—on the one hand the genuine poetry which aims at taking the veil from life, whether the life of nature or of men, and showing us, on however modest a scale, the impressions made by men and things on the creative imagination,—and, on the other hand, that merely decorative talent which seems to aim at giving the pleasure and surprises which poetry gives, but without the labor, without the fidelity, without the spontaneous simplicity of true poetry. While true poetry unveils through the imagination the secrets of natural and of human expression, the decorative poetry of which we speak paints for it a new, and at first sight pleasing, external veil, which bears the same relation to the transparent medium of the poet which the patterns drawn on ground glass to prevent vision bear to the images of living forms in a perfect mirror. This decorative trick of false poetry seems to be exactly described in Plato's words as "a state not belonging to true art at all, but the quality of a soul ready in taking aim, and bold and clever by nature in its intercourse with men." Socrates adds that he considers the sum and substance of these pleasure-seeking parasites of true art to be a species of flattery,*—a dexterity, that is, in selecting the weak place in human nature, where a very little tickling with plausible falsehoods will win a great deal of temporary power. And this is, though of course without any of the dishonorable character of *personal* flattery, exactly the characteristic of the kind of poetry we wish to discuss. It is the instrument of minds "ready in aim, and bold and clever by nature in their intercourse with men," and its method of procedure seems to be just that amount of plausible deception which is certain to follow from taking the superficial tickling of the fancy as the aim of poetry,

* *κολακεία*.

instead of the effort to grasp truly in the imagination, the life within and the life without.

In the first place you may see this false aim at the plausibly agreeable, instead of at the true, in Mr. Owen Meredith's occasionally clever but always over-emphatic descriptive poetry. True poetic descriptions are of many kinds, following the law of the poet's own mind. There is the careless school of description, which succeeds like Byron's later genius by the mere audacity with which he thrusts into his verse accidental and miscellaneous objects in the arbitrary kind of way in which they would arrest the eye of an absent-minded spectator,—“a sail peeping out here and there, so full of life that you seem to feel the sea-breeze blowing;” * and here again London sights and sounds tumbled in pell-mell upon the imagination, “the wigs in a hair-cutter's window and the passing lamplighters” jostling one another in the memory. Or there is the tranquil German school of description, which Goethe adorned, a school that aims at realizing in due perspective, moral as well as physical, the whole picture before the eye, choosing your point of sight at some defined personal centre,—as for instance in the mind of the good old hostess of the Golden Lion in “Hermann and Dorothea,”—and then painting the scene traversed by her exactly as it would seem to her eye, looking at the kitchen-garden with a gardener's vigilance for the caterpillars on the leaves, or scarlet runners that need new staking, and so forth. Or there is the meditative school of description, like Wordsworth's, which describes not so much the outward reality as the trains of reverie it set moving in his breast. But whatever the school be, so long as it is a true poetic description, there is always some one point of view which reconciles all that is noted down into a distinct harmony of intellectual effect. Nothing of the kind is discernible in Mr. Owen Meredith's descriptions, which sometimes remind us of a lady's letter, with dashes under all the non-emphatic words, and notes of admiration after all the least significant sentences. Take for instance the following description of the Pyrenees by moonlight, in “Lucile” :—

“The moon of September, now half at the full,
Was unfolding from darkness and dreamland
the lull

* Goethe's conversation on Byron with Ecker-mann.

Of the quiet blue air, where the many-faced
hills
Watched, well-pleased, their fair slaves, the
light, foam-footed rills,
Dance and sing down the steep marble stairs
of their courts,
And gracefully fashion a thousand sweet sports.
Like ogres in council those mountains looked
down,
Impassive, each king in his purple and crown."

For the moon to unfold "the lull of the quiet blue air" must, we suppose, mean that it was unfolding the quiet of the quiet blue air, a difficult thing for moonlight to effect, though it may well indeed make stillness more emphatic, the silence being much more striking when the air is luminous than when it is dark. Whether that were Mr. Owen Meredith's meaning we do not know but what we care to point out is not the mere clumsiness, which may have been the result of random rhyme, but the incongruity of emphasis, the absolute want of keeping, in the whole passage. The moon is just gaining power to conquer out of "darkness and dreamland" the blue air of night, when we discover "the many-faced hills" "watching, well pleased, the light, foam-footed rills," and find that the latter remind us of dancing slaves singing and leaping in the marble courts of a palace, and the former, who were a moment ago "well pleased" at watching their graceful movements, are suddenly changed to "impassive" ogres in council. Why ogres? and why impassive? If they look cruel and hungry, and disposed to eat somebody up, they can't look especially "impassive," and still less at the same time "well pleased." Here are three expressions fastened on the mountains in one breath which are inconsistent with each other, and still more inconsistent with the tranquil partially moonlit scene described in the first two lines. A soft summer moonlight, just catching the snow and the gleaming water of the torrents here and there, could suggest nothing less than dancing-girls and either smiling or impassive ogres. The criticism may seem trivial, but not when we consider how much this continuously false stress of metaphor really implies in a poet, — how little he can have studied the truth of either nature or his own impressions to conceive such lines at all, much more to tolerate them as a true delineation of nature when he has conceived them. It is like the child's effort to find as many and as glar-

ing colors as he can when he is painting the dress of his favorite hero. Mr. Meredith's lines represent nothing either in nature or the mind of man; but they seem to promise a succession of impressions on the retina, at short intervals, that will make the eye swim with color and feel that it has been excited, — which is exactly what we mean by the vice of that meretricious school of poetry which aims at tickling the fancy with superficial impressions rather than delineating the truth of either nature or feeling.

Mr. Meredith's descriptive powers seem, indeed, to have rather degenerated since his first volume was published in 1855. Even then we noted the same tendency to a profusion of color and arbitrary spangles, which dazzle the eye, spoil the picture, and prove that the artist did not realize what he described. But there were passages here and there of somewhat greater promise, in which he had embodied some Tennysonian studies of landscape intended to harmonize exactly with the mood of mind which they framed. Thus, where Tennyson has "Mariana in the moated grange," and describes a desolate house in a desolate fen country, with a single poplar near it, and a lady waiting in vain for somebody's return, Mr. Meredith had a desolate castle on a desolate seashore, and a single blasted thorn near it, with a lady waiting, not eventually in vain, but with feelings the reverse of impatient, her earl's return. The study was much cleverer than most of his recent descriptions; but even there it was easy to discern the faults, — the want of real eye; and the tendency to accumulate telling touches, often inconsistent with each other, that have developed into a thoroughly spurious style in his later works. One of the most ingenious efforts of his descriptive power, however, this desolate castle certainly is: —

"The land about was barren and blue,
And swept by the wing of the wet sea-mew;
Seven fishermen's huts on a shelly shore,
Sand-heaps behind and sand-banks before;
And a black champaign streaked white all
through
To a great salt pool which the ocean drew,
Sucked into itself, and disgorged it again
To stagnate and steam on the mineral plain.
Not a tree or a bush in the circle of sight
But a bare black thorn which the sea-winds
had withered
With the drifting scum of the surf and blight,
And some patches of gray grass-land to the
right,

Where the lean red-hided cattle were tethered.
A reef of rocks wedged the water in twain,
And a stout stone tower stood square to the main.

And the flakes of the spray that were jerked
away

From the froth on the lip of the bleak blue sea
Were sometimes flung by the wind as it swung
Over turret and terrace and balcony
To the garden below, where in desolate corners
Under the mossy-green parapet, there
The lilies crouched, rocking their white heads
like mourners ;

And burned off the heads of the flowers that
were

Pining and pale in their comfortless bowers,
Dry-bushed with the sharp stubborn lavender,
And paven with discs of the torn sun-flowers,
Which day by day were strangled and stripped
Of their ravelling fringes and brazen bosses,
And the hardy Mary-buds ripped and nipped
Into shreds for the beetles that lurked in the
mosses.

Here she lived alone, and from year to year
She saw the black belt of the ocean appear
At her casement each morn as she rose, and
each morn

Her eye fell first on the bare black thorn.
This was all, nothing more ; or sometimes on
the shore

The fishermen sang when the fishing was o'er ;
Or the lowing of oxen fell dreamily
Close on the skirt of the glimmering eves,
Through some gusty pause in the moaning sea,
When the pools were splashed pink by the
thirsty beeves,

Or sometimes when the pearl-lighted morns
drew the tinges

Of the cold sunrise up their amber fringes,—
A white sail peered over the rim of the main,
Peered all about o'er the empty sea,
Staggered back from the fine line of white
light again,

And dropped down to another world silently.
Then she breathed freer."

No doubt this is painstaking and to some extent striking, and far more laborious and true than any of Mr. Meredith's recent studies in the same way. We have quoted it at such length because it is, we think, his most elaborate effort of this kind. Still it is marked by the ingrained taste for external decoration which is the essence of his talent. For example as to truth of feeling: "the froth on the lip of the bleak blue sea" attempts to crowd into a single line touches entirely inconsistent with each other. The sea often looks bleak, but least so when it looks blue; and to draw attention to its blueness at all just when you are speaking of the spray as the froth on its lip renders the image false, disagreeable, and confusing, instead of graphic. Blue lips and froth sug-

gest, if anything, convulsion fits, and are wholly inconsistent with the image of the ocean. Again, though lilies rock in the wind, they literally *can't* "crouch" under a wall, and the word is put in only to aid the funereal metaphor of the mourners which Mr. Meredith wants. Nor is it at all possible for the lady to have seen the sea every morning as a "black belt." There is nothing which first strikes the eye so much on looking out to the sea in the morning as the glare of light upon it, and even on the most clouded days the glancing, of the waves entirely prevents any effect like a black belt. The expression, is used only to heighten artificially the melancholy of the patient. Then as to the point of sight: as the whole landscape is meant to mirror the lady's melancholy,—just as Tennyson notes in the neighborhood of the Moated Grange only that which reflects back Mariana's desolation,—the true perspective requires him to delineate what the lady would see, and the impression it would make on her sick mood of mind. Mr. Meredith goes far beyond this in his anxiety for more local color. She might hear the oxen lowing "through the gusty pause in the moaning sea;" but the idea immediately suggests to Mr. Meredith to transport us to where the oxen are drinking, and make a fresh little point of color of it,—so he adds, "when the pools were splashed pink by the thirsty beeves," which is clearly Chinese perspective. Moreover, we suspect he has put in this touch from a wholly different landscape. If the pools were splashed "pink," the soil must have been a reddish one, and the whole of his description harps continually on a blue-black mineral plain, which implies a quite different ground-color; nor can they be the salt-water pools in the sand, as the epithet "thirsty" seems expressly to shut this out. It is another great error of perspective to make the lady watching a sail in the offing see it "stagger back from the fine line of white light again." It is impossible to see a sail stagger in the offing. A similar and worse artistic blunder is made in "Lucile," where he speaks of a young lady's full heart beating "*loud in her small rosy ears.*" She who alone heard her heart beat could not see her own ears, and certainly could not then be thinking of them; the sentence is in fact a horrid medley between the analysis of a young lady's own feelings, and the gour-

mand sort of admiration felt by a spectator for her pretty ears. All this may seem hypercriticism, but these faults are sown thick through the poems, and indicate just the sort of disposition to stick on stucco ornament from the outside which has got almost complete possession of the writer. Its worst result is, that it destroys the true artist's sense of vision. Wherever you try to realize Mr. Meredith's pictures; even when they look most tempting and picturesque, you find something wrong. Here, for example, is a pretty picture, drawn by a lover of happy travels:—

"We will see the shores of Greece
And the temples of the Nile:
Sail where summer suns increase,
Toward the south, from isle to isle,

Track the first star that swims on
Glowing depths toward night and us,
While the heats of sunset crimson
All the purple Bosphorus,—

Leaning o'er some dark ship-side,
Watch the wane of mighty moons;
Or through star-lit Venice glide,
Singing down the blue lagoons."

This sounds musical and picturesque enough at the first reading; but when you come to look into its structure, it is like a mosaic of which every item is false, though at a certain distance it gives a pleasing effect. True poetry, though it must often be vague, need never be false, even in its minutest features, to the artist's point of view; for you can never really get closer to his subject than the attitude of mind in which he chooses to place you. Now put yourself in the place of the lover who is dilating on the pleasure of seeing beautiful southern scenes with his mistress,—could he either from experience or natural prejudice expect to see the "southern suns increase" as he went southwards? If he did, he was very much mistaken in fact, since of course nothing of the kind happens;—indeed, *ceteris paribus*, the more obliquely the sun is seen the larger it appears; nor is there any kind of popular fancy or prejudice in the image. One expects hotter suns but certainly not larger in the south. Then, again, to propose to track a star that is coming *towards* you is as unnatural a mode of speech as the feat is difficult which it suggests. Moreover, it is swimming "on glowing depths towards night and us," which is either unmeaning, or

would imply that the stars rise in the glow of sunset and revolve eastwards,—a curious astronomical phenomenon; for wherever the spectator of a sunset may be, he and night must clearly be east of it. Once more: to make sunset "crimson" a "purple" sea is childish profusion of color. If the sea is purple, it must be the sky which makes it so; it is not its intrinsic color; and if the sky is making it crimson and not purple, the adjective "purple" is a false dye put in for the sake of a more gorgeous variety of color. Finally, if the gentleman was thinking of the lagoons in *star-lit* Venice, they would certainly *not* present themselves to him as blue, which requires daylight. These verses are the best specimens one could find of the abuse of a ready-made poetical language by a writer skilled in selecting words that have what we may call a poetical smell or *bouquet*, but careless of the real meaning they convey. In a passage of some cleverness in "Lucile," we have a similar shipwreck of artistic effect from a similar blunder. One of the heroes, Lord Alfred Vargrave, has just seen his rival enter Lucile's room, and has left it angrily through the window, and stands in the garden, where we are told,—

"When left to his thoughts in the garden alone,
Alfred Vargrave stood, strange to himself.
With dull tone

Of importance, thro' cities of rose and carnation,

Went the bee on his business from station to station.

The minute mirth of summer was shrill all around;

Its incessant small voices like stings seemed to sound

On his sore angry sense. He stood grieving the hot

Solid sun with his shadow, nor stirred from the spot."

The important business character of the bee's droning hum,—the effect of it and of the "minute mirth of summer" on Lord Alfred's "sore angry sense," is perhaps truly and at all events cleverly imagined; but just as we are yielding to the impression that here for a moment the author has imagined accurately a real situation, comes the foolish and senseless bit of bombastic imagery, "he stood grieving the hot solid sun with his shadow," which is not only shifting the point of view very abruptly indeed from a geocentric to a heliocentric position,—passing rather hastily from Lord Alfred's grief

to the sun's grief,—but is a very quaint piece of emotion indeed for the “solid sun” to feel. Moreover, it appears to be not the *light* of the sun which is grieved at Lord Alfred's shadow, but the “hot solid” mass; in other words, the emotion of grief broke out in that substantial orb itself,—evincing itself, we suppose, as soon after Lord Alfred had taken his sultry station as the fact became visible there,—say in about eight minutes' time:—a nonsensical criticism no doubt, but only nonsensical because the rhetorical phrase criticised is so absolutely destitute of meaning, that directly you come to think of it, you fall into an abyss of nonsense. That we may not be thought to be cavilling at an accidental blot, here is another instance of the meaningless use of well-sounding words in “Lucile”:—

“And so, as alone now she stood, in the sight
Of the sunset of youth, with her face toward the
light,
And watched her own shadow grow long at her
feet,
As though stretched out, the shade of some *other*
to meet,
The woman felt homeless and childless: in scorn
She seemed mocked by the voices of children un-
born.”—

which involves certainly, as it stands in the text, one of the most wonderful pieces of optics we have ever met with. We may, perhaps, in common charity suppose that either “toward” is a misprint for “from,” or “face” for “back;” but the whole image is so mere a draft on the conventional verbiage of poetry,—in which suns are always obliged to set whenever anything pleasant is ceasing,—that we don't know how far the mending of the optics will mend the poetry. For any real vision the passage arouses in the reader's mind, the “sunset of youth” might just as well draw the shadows towards itself instead of throwing them off in the opposite direction. To follow out the idea at all is only to be landed in nonsense; for we are told that this shadow seems to be in search of another shadow which ought to be there to *meet* it, and, if it did, would come, we conclude, from the opposite point of the horizon; and therefore—may we infer?—be cast by the sunrise of youth, and, therefore, perhaps be the shadow of a baby; to which doubtless reference is made in the last line we have quoted about the babies that would not come. What a jumble of conventional images the whole

thing is! And these are the sort of images which stud the whole surface of Mr. Meredith's poetry; not always so ludicrous, but almost always as little really expressive. Here, for instance, is another tune on the barrel-organ of conventional poetry phrases. The Duc de Luvois is recounting how he tried to convince himself that he ought to forget Lucile and get on cheerfully without her, which he did by grinding for himself on the said organ the following unsatisfactory but extremely commonplace strain:—

“Hast thou loved, O my heart? to thy love yet
remains
All the wide-loving kindness of nature. The
plains
And the hills with each summer their verdure
renew:
Wouldst thou be as they are? do thou then as
they do.
Let the dead sleep in peace. Would the living
divine
Where they slumber? Let only new flowers be
the sign!

Since the bird of the wood flits and sings round
the nest
Where lie broken the eggs she once warmed
with her breast;
Since the flower of the field, newly born yester-
day,
When to-morrow a new bud hath burst on the
spray,
Folds, and falls in the night, unrepining, un-
seen;
Since aloof in the forests, when forests are ~~green~~,
You may hear through the silence the dead wood
that cracks;
Since man, where his course throughout nature
he tracks,
In all things one science to soothe him may find,
To walk on, and look forward, and never behind,
—What to me, O my heart, is thy joy or thy
sorrow?
What the tears of to-day or the tears of to-mor-
row?
What is life? what is death? what the false?
what the true?
And what is the harm that one woman can do?”

That the broken egg-shells litter the nest, and perhaps render it a prickly seat when the hatching is over, is no doubt a grievance which the wise fowl would do well to remove; but this circumstance does not seem to be capable of yielding much encouragement to a gentleman who has *failed* to hatch his pet egg. The flower that fades unrepining, and the dead-wood that cracks in the forest, would teach him a melancholy lesson of resignation, but hardly to look forwards and neglect the things which are behind, which is the lesson

he tried, and we are not surprised to find vainly, to learn from them. This last passage is as good a specimen as we could have of the average stuff of the poem, and shows the utter rootlessness of the poetic imagery of the writer, whose similes and metaphors, instead of growing out of the subject, are stuck into it like the stalks of cut flowers plunged into the ground. His ornaments have usually no sort of living connection with the feelings, which his verse, instead of expressing, only varnishes over, or, we might perhaps say, to use an expressive house-painter's term, dis-temper.

But though poetical description is, on the whole, a fair test of the veracity and strength of a poet's apprehension, as it is also in some sense the lowest department of his art, and certainly that which it is most easy for the critic carefully to check, it is scarcely fair, on this ground alone, to speak of any poet as a dealer in plausible effects,—one who tickles the fancy with kaleidoscopic combinations of poetic phrases instead of drawing the veil from life and nature,—unless there be the same conventional plausibility about his higher artistic aims, so far as we have the power of discriminating them. Does it seem to be the animating effort of Mr. Owen Meredith's poems to delineate, by the aid of the imagination, the *truth* of human character, or thought, or emotion? or is it rather his function to paint fanciful shadows which amuse the mind of the public more, at much less cost to the author, than any truth of delineation would do? We have of course no means of judging this cardinal question as to the author's effort or aim except from the literary result. But the total effect left upon us certainly is, that while the best gleams of purpose and feeling in these books are those which Mr. Meredith shares with his time, there is a very large proportion of his poetry spurious in aim as well as in method, for which our own day is not at all accountable. "We live in a time," said Goethe, "when culture is so diffused that it has become the atmosphere which a young man breathes; poetical and philosophical thoughts live and stir in him; he has sucked them in with the very air about him; but he imagines them his property, and so expresses them as if they belonged to him individually. But after he has given back to the time what he had received from it, he is poor. He is like a fountain

which for a few moments spouts forth the water which had been carried to it, and which ceases to give a drop when the borrowed supply is exhausted." Thus the drift of "Lucile," if it is intended to have one, is, we suppose, that gospel of earnest work which Mr. Carlyle has preached into the age, without having taught us any very definite object for it, and having unfortunately untaught us some few rather important ones which he has made it his amusement to ridicule. The two heroes in "Lucile," the English and the French, both lead lives wasted by want of purpose: the former being led astray, we are told, by natural indolence, the latter excluded from his fit political work by the political condition of France, which left no room for the co-operation of a legitimist noble. The heroine again, Lucile, is delineated as a woman of genius with no adequate outlet for her powers, and a natural yearning for domestic life which she does not succeed in attaining. All these three fruitless young people are conducted by the path of calamity, and one of them at least by a very short cut, to a nobler state of mind and purpose, and consequently a more earnest mode of life. The idea of the character which Mr. Meredith has sketched at the greatest length, and perhaps with most satisfaction to himself, that of his French hero the Duke de Luvois, will be gathered from the following lines, which are some of the most simple, perhaps the most carefully thought-out, and, on the whole, certainly some of the best in the book:—

"His life was of trifles made up, and he lived
In a world of frivolities. Still he contrived
The trifles, to which he was wedded, to dower
With so much of his own individual power
(And mere pastime to him was so keen a pursuit),
That these trifles seemed such as you scarce could
impute
To a trifler.
* * * * *

Nevertheless,
What in him gave to vice, from its pathos and stress,
A sort of malignity, might have perchance,
Had the object been changed by transposed circumstance,
Given vigor to virtue. And therefore, indeed,
Had his life been allied to some fixed moral creed,
In the practice and forms of a rigid, severe,
And ascetic religion, he might have come near
To each saint in that calendar which he now
spurned.
In its orbit, however, his intellect turned

On a circle so narrowed as quite to exclude
A spacious humanity. Therefore, both crude
And harsh his religion would ever have been,
As shallow, presumptuous, narrow, and keen,
Was the trite irreligion which now he displayed.
It depended alone upon chance to have made
Persecutor of this man, or martyr. For, closed
In the man, lurked two natures the world deems
opposed,

A Savonarola's, a Calvin's, alike
Unperceived by himself. It was in him to strike
At whatever the object he sought to attain,
Bold as Brutus, relentless as Philip of Spain,
And undaunted to march, in behalf of his brothers,
To the stake, or to light it, remorseless, for others.

Thus, he appeared
Neither Brutus nor Philip in action and deed,
Neither Calvin nor Savonarola in creed,
But that which the world chose to have him appear,—

The frivolous tyrant of Fashion, a mere
Reformer in coats, cards, and carriages! Still
'Twas this vigor of nature, and tension of will,
Whence his love for Lucile to such passion had
grown."

So far as the gospel of work is inculcated with any earnestness by the author, it is done in the character of this French nobleman, who was a reality, we imagine, to Mr. Meredith, and is conceived, in his frivolous earnestness and theatrical passion, much less indistinctly than any other character in the book. The Duc de Luvois is the one present which Mr. Owen Meredith has to give to "his time in return for the Carlylian ideas which his time has bestowed upon him. We cannot say it is a rich one, for it is so disfigured by the essentially poor and often base material in which the whole work is executed, that even in relation to this character we only here and there come across a line or two which convince us that the author was painting from individual apprehensions of his own, and not from ornamental fancies. However, this, if any, is the character which seized upon Mr. Owen Meredith's own imagination, and we believe that it did really in some sense occupy him, and not merely his fancy. One may perceive even through the turbid and muddy rhetoric of "Lucile" a certain fascination of the author's mind with this Frenchman, a word here and there that seems to say he was touching something real in modelling it, and not merely wreathing the vapors of his own fancy. If there are any lines that deserve the name of poetry in the book, they are those which on two occasions delineate a crisis in

the duke's turbulent passions. Once, when he is roaming about at night in a forest, rejected by Lucile, in rather a fiendish state of mind, he sees the moon break through a cloud-structure that has been somewhat theatrically painted,—representing it, we suppose, as it might seem to a theatrical mind in genuine excitement,—and the verse runs on:

"While he gazed, that cloud-city invisible hands
Dismantled and rent; and revealed, through a
loop

In the breached dark, the blemished and half-
broken hoop

Of the moon, which soon silently sank; and anon
The whole supernatural pageant was gone.

*The wide night, discomfited, conscious of loss,
Darkened round him. One object alone—that
gray cross—*

Glimmered faint on the dark. Gazing up, he
descried

Through the void air, its desolate arms out-
stretched wide,

As though to embrace him. He turned from the
sight,

Set his face to the darkness, and fled."

The line we have italicized seems to us a breaking of the light of genuine poetry through the clouds of Mr. Meredith's stilted fancy. And we imagine we discern the same rather rare event towards the conclusion, when the Duc de Luvois, having meditated something rather more wicked than usual, is brought to his right mind in a long-winded midnight interview with Lucile in the garden of the hotel at Ems;—it is French, and somewhat theatrical, but also we think something more:—

"Then, by solemn degrees,
There crept on the midnight within him a coll,
Keen gleam of spiritual light. Fold by fold,
The films of his self-gathered blindness, in part,
Were breathed bare, and the dawn shuddered
into his heart."

But even in this, as in a much greater degree in every other attempt to delineate passion that we could pick out, there is the detestable spirit of rhetorical grandiloquence which Mr. Meredith identifies with poetry. In any genuine poem we should point to the priggish words "by solemn degrees" as giving indications of base alloy: but when the substance which the artist models is almost entirely composed of this alloy, we must be thankful for any indications of an admixture of higher material.

The true dramatic test of a poet is in his feminine characters. Every great critic has

remarked that a genuine poet's mind differs most remarkably from other men's by the intuitive sort of sympathy with the feminine nature which it holds easily and gracefully, within the hollow, as it were, of a large masculine experience. "Women," said Goethe, "are silver saucers, into which we put golden apples. My idea of women is not one abstracted from the phenomena of actual life at all, but it is innate in me, or has sprung up in me, God knows how. My feminine portraits have, therefore, all come away successfully from the mould; they are all better than you could find in the real world." And it is a law, we think, almost without exception, that the feminine nature lies within the poetic like the pistil within the calyx of a flower. In Lucile Mr. Owen Meredith has made a very elaborate effort to paint his conception of a woman of genius, and of the conflict between the masculine vigor which genius gives her and the yearnings of a feminine nature for support. With a dash of Oriental blood in her, Lucile is meant to have a dash of Oriental imagination and tenderness combined with the lucid self-possessed intellect of Europe. This, again, is an idea which, were it worked out with any fidelity, would be worthy of a poet's endeavor. There are glimpses throughout the character that the intention was sincerely artistic, but the execution is as much more inadequate than in the case of the French duke as the aim is higher. Lucile's portrait is not defined at all: she begins and ends in the abstract; her genius is mere declamation, and no distinctively feminine impression is produced at all. We are told upon her first introduction, in lines that are of Mr. Meredith's best, of Lucile,—

"The woman that now met, unshrinking, his gaze,
Seemed to bask in the silent but sumptuous blaze
Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first,
Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst
In despite of the stormiest April. Lucile
Had acquired that matchless unconscious appeal
To the homage which none but a churl would withhold,—
That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold,
Ever present—which just a few women possess."

This is prettily described, and we expect to have Lucile acting up to it; but the impression produced by her least restrained language, when you come to hear it, is of a

rhetorical and windy cast, ornate and grandiloquent, without any touch of the real woman in it. For example, after the crisis of the first part, when Lucile has failed to win back her old lover, she pours out her laboring feelings to a friend in the East, whom she proposes to visit, and her letter ends thus:—

"My friend, ask me nothing.

Receive me alone
As a Santon receives to his dwelling of stone
In silence some pilgrim the midnight may bring:
It may be an angel that, weary of wing,
Hath paused in his flight from some city of doom,
Or only a wayfarer strayed in the gloom.
This only I know: that in Europe at least
Lives the craft or the power that must master
our East.
Wherefore strive where the gods must themselves
yield at last?
Both they and their altars pass by with the Past.
The gods of the household Time thrusts from the
shelf;
And I seem as unreal and weird to myself
As those idols of old.

Other times, other men,
Other men, other passions!
So be it! yet again
I turn to my birthplace, the birthplace of morn,
And the light of those lands where the great sun
is born!
Spread your arms, O my friend! on your breast
let me feel
The repose which hath fled from my own.
Your LUCILE."

We venture to say that no woman overflowing with either genius or feminine tenderness (and Lucile is meant to be rich in both) ever wrote in that inflated style, unless she were half acting the desolation she expresses. Still more unfortunately is she delineated when in the second part she starts on her higher career of raising the fallen and rebuking the impenitent. There is a stony sort of grandiloquence about her then which gives the notion of a rhetorical, strong-minded woman. Here, for example, she is lecturing her former lover, Lord Alfred Vargrave, on the danger of making his wife jealous of him, and then throwing her in the way of another's admiration, which she does in the following dreadful style, that reminds one of a reformatory chaplain who has not forgotten his classical education:—

"I know that your wife is as spotless as snow;
But I know not how far your continued neglect
Her nature, as well as her heart, might affect,
Till at last, by degrees, that serene atmosphere
Of her unconscious purity, faint and yet clear,
Like the indistinct golden and vaporous fleece

Which surrounded and hid the celestials in Greece
From the glances of men, would disperse and depart

At the sighs of a sick and delirious heart,—
For jealousy is to a woman, be sure,
A disease healed too oft by a criminal cure ;
And the heart left too long to its ravage, in time
May find weakness in virtue, reprisal in crime."

We need give little further evidence, we think, that though Mr. Meredith began "*Lucile*" with an aim not unworthy of an artist, he soon plunged again into that blue-and-gold *papier-mâché* style of art which is the general characteristic of his poetry.

On the whole, "*Lucile*" must be called a third-rate novel, rendered disagreeable by very poor and monotonous rhyme. Indeed, the versification is a real mischief, and has no doubt misled Mr. Owen Meredith into many of his monstrous conceits. It bears almost the same relation to the natural language of prose expression as snoring bears to natural breathing, and creates exactly the same kind of nervous annoyance in the reader when the snore (which you cannot avert) is at hand. Only a diseased appetite for the petty surprises of rhyme could endure such rhyme as this, which frequently distracts attention from the false composition without answering one of the purposes that the rhythm and rhyme of a true poem should serve. A long epic poem in couplets is always bad. It suits Pope's epigrammatic style, which always seems to clinch the thought as with the sharp snap of a steel clasp; but in Mr. Owen Meredith's hands it has no possible relation to the flow of the thought, and produces, as we said, only the periodic pang of stertorous breathing. Then, again, the metre is very bad. It is written usually in the metre of Byron's—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;"

which, though grandiose, is well adapted to the flashing splendor of a picture of that kind ; and this Mr. Meredith occasionally varies with the metre Goldsmith chose for his "*Venison Pasty*"—

"Thanks, my lórd, for your vénison, for finer
nor fátter
Ne'er ránged in the fórest nor smóked on the
plátter."

The first metre Mr. Meredith has in such lines as these :—

"Listen to me, my friend. What I wish to explain
Is so hárd to shape fórth, I could álmóست refrain ;"

while Goldsmith's is chosen in the couplet next following :—

"From touching a subject so frágle. Howéver,
Bear with me a while if I fránkly endéavor."

Slight as the difference between them is, the first is grandiose, and the second mock-grandiose. And when a long, epic poem runs from one into the other, the hero passes as it were from a slightly ostentatious march into the mocking trip with which naughty boys imitate him. However, it is the former metre in which by far the greatest part of the poem is written : and this grandiose rhythm naturally often makes Mr. Owen Meredith ashamed of a plain sentence, and induces him to dress up his impressions in a uniform worthy of so stately a marching-step. We scarcely know whether this, though the worst intellectual result of the rhythm chosen, produces so lamentable an artistic effect as presents itself when the poet omits to put this full costume on his thought, and orders it into this grand march in a slovenly flannel dressing-gown like the following :—

"I foresaw you would conquer ; you have conquered much,
Much indeed that is noble ! *I hail it as such !*"

—a climax so grand as almost to suggest to us Mrs. Gamp coming down "like a wolf on the fold." In general, however, you see that the metre stimulates the rush of the words into something at least equally grand in their swing, even when, as in the following lines, we hunt in vain for any similar march in the thought :—

"What then,

If earth in itself were sufficient for men,
Would be man's claim to that glorious promise
which arches

With Hope's fourfold bow the black path where
he marches

Triumphant to death, chanting boldly, 'Beyond !'
Whilst invisible witnesses round him respond

From the Infinite, till the great Pæan is caught
By the echoes of heaven, and the chariot of
Thought

Rolls forth from the world's ringing walls to its
goal,

Urged by Faith, the bright-eyed charioteer of the
soul ?"

How infinitely wearisome this pomp of movement, continued through three hundred and sixty-one pages, becomes, accompanied as it

is by the perpetually recurring clack of the rhyme,—the metre, meantime, frequently disarranging the accent, or the rhyme compelling words like “liberty” to be rhymed with “free,”—the conscientious reader of this poem alone can know. Sydney Smith once said that his idea of heaven was consuming *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. Reading “Lucile” is like consuming an intellectual delicacy, if not quite so rare, still in several respects analogous to the sound of hurdy-gurdies, and supplies only too vivid a foretaste of the opposite state.

There are many poets, however, whom it would be exceedingly unfair to judge, either by their longer poems or their directly visionary faculty; many who have neither the sustained narrative vigor for an epic poem nor the visionary eye which realizes the details of an invisible scene. In fact, the forms of true poetry are quite as numerous as the forms of full personal life; and the man who fails to expand his apprehensions of the world into an epic may often succeed in precipitating the solid thought into a sonnet, or setting free from his materials the airy sentiment of a song. Moore, for instance, whose longer poems are heavily charged with gaudy and grandiloquent sentimentalism, wrote many a little poem which just caught the momentary sparkle of social feeling, or gave the feathery wings of melodious verse to satire with barbs as cruel as wit could make them. Again, Wordsworth, who had in him far too much weight of meditative thought to rise successfully on the light wings of song, and made his longer poems, fine as they are, rather too solid for ordinary taste, gave a grandeur to the sonnet, and a fervor to the homely grief or gladness of his ballads, which no other poet has reached. A true poet, though he may miss his way often into compositions quite unsuitable to his genius, will blossom somewhere into the poetry which is really his natural life. Can Mr. Owen Meredith take a higher rank by virtue of song, or sonnet, or ballad, or lyric of any kind, than we have been able to assign him in his pictorial scenes and versified drama? The sonnet is clearly a form of verse not suitable to him at all. The strong, deep, meditative note which should vibrate through it from first to last and give it reflective unity is not at all in his way. Such of his poems as profess to be meditative are exceedingly diffuse and meandering, with-

out any single focus of thought. They wander from a pictured love-scene to general and vague reflections, and back again to young ladies, in a very vagrant fashion. After much search among Mr. Meredith's meditative productions, we can find nothing else so good as the following verses, which are two among a considerable number devoted to illustration of the same not very real idea,—that desire is better than possession, and even, as he seems to express it in the second of the two, the unknown than the known, which is a strong thing to say:—

“How little know they life's divinest bliss,
That know not to possess and yet refrain!
Let the young Psyche roam, a fleeting kiss:—
Grasp it—a few poor grains of dust remain.
See how those floating flowers, the butterflies,
Hover the garden through, and take no root!
Desire forever hath a flying foot.
Free pleasure comes and goes beneath the skies.”

“Chase not too close the fading rapture. Leave
To love his long auroras, slowly seen.
Be ready to release, as to receive.
Deem those the nearest, soul to soul, between
Whose lips yet lingers reverence on a sigh.
Judge what thy sense can reach not, most thine
own,
If once thy soul hath seized it. The unknown
Is life to love, religion, poetry.”

But in Mr. Meredith's meditative, as in his other poems, we cannot find any genuine or personal reality. These, if any, are the kind of poems in which the mind should be true to itself. When you are honestly looking into your own past and present, it may be natural to find the fancy or imagination kindle; but neither fancy nor imagination, kindling in order to express real thoughts about one's self, give rise to what De Quincey calls “a jewel's hæmorrhage of words.” Now there is no kind of poem in Mr. Meredith's volumes which seems to be written more for ornamental purposes, and less to satisfy the craving for true insight, than these long meandering meditations. To us they read, not at all like what a man really thinks to himself, even in the most excited moods, but plausible meditations—the sort of thing a young man might (injudiciously) *like* to think. We have given two of the simplest and best verses of this kind we can discover, expressing rather vividly the sensuous awe of grasping the very thing you seek, and trying to exaggerate that awe into a divine veto. But the following is a more common specimen of the way in which Mr.

Owen Meredith philosophizes on these occasions, which, we trust, is only a theatrical fiction; for if a man really rants thus to himself alone, the most solitary exercise of his intellect must be taken on stilts. It is from a piece called "Condemned Ones," in which, after reproaching himself and some lady, who appears to have deserted him, he goes on:—

"Yet is there much for grateful tears, if sad ones!

And Hope's young orphans Memory mothers yet;
So let them go, the sunny days we had once,
Our night hath stars that will not ever set.
And in our hearts are harps, albeit not glad ones,
Yet not all unmelodious, through whose strings
The night-winds murmur their familiar things,
Unto a kindred sadness: the sea brings
The spirits of its solitude, with wings
Folden about the music of each lyre,
Thrilled with deep duals by sublime desire,
Which never can attain, yet ever must aspire,
And glorify regret."

By very careful reflection it is possible to make out that Memory playing the mother to "Hope's young orphans" is a paraphrase for saying that the writer still cherishes the memory of the wishes which he once hoped for. But neither a poet nor any other man ever really conceived that very simple idea in the form of a Foundling Hospital or Orphan Asylum for Hope's babies, in which Memory has the post of matron. A man must go a very long way for such a metaphor as that to express one of the simplest of all thoughts. Then the last simile no ordinary mind is equal to. The duals thrilled by sublime desire must have of course some reference to the lady, and perhaps to some form of moral duet with her; but the sea and the spirits and the lyre, and the wings that are folded about its music, are a problem far beyond a simple person's mind, and can never have been the imaginative form of any man's genuine thoughts. These are the bright glass beads and bugles which Mr. Meredith hangs about his ideas to make them look poetical, but which really destroy Truth, and substitute showy glitter in its place.

As a song-writer Mr. Meredith would have more chance of attaining a moderate excellence, if he would attend a little more carefully to the duty of having something distinct to say. His one qualification as a verse-writer is a keen sense of what we may call the *physical* atmosphere which belongs to words, and which often overpowers for him their intellectual significance. Still this is

one of the most important qualifications of a song-writer. Moore had this sensuous feeling for words, and an infinitely greater poet, Tennyson, has it in a very high degree; but neither of them sacrifice a clear drift and image to the mere vapor or scent which words give off, as Mr. Owen Meredith often does. Take for example the following verses in the poem called "Once:—

"Oh, happy hush of heart to heart,
Oh, moment molten through with bliss,
Oh, Love delaying long to part,
That first, fast, individual kiss!

"Hereon two lives on glowing lips
Hung claspt, each feeling fold in fold,
Like daisies closed with crimson tips,
That sleep about a heart of gold."

We defy any one to get a clear notion out of the latter verse, though it sounds the *kind* of thing which Moore would have put into a song. Are we to conceive *two* crimson daisies, closed and placed cup to cup, as there are clearly two hearts, and the "deep duals" are, we suppose, the essence of the conception? And more, what is the force which the simile adds to the previous verse? Surely in fact it very much weakens the strength of it. If "the moment molten through with bliss" can be expressed by crimson daisies closed for the night, and, as we infer, somehow looped into each other, it cannot have been a very exalted moment after all. The capacity for an effective sensuous use of language is a very dangerous one, and requires a much stronger intellectual control over it than Mr. Owen Meredith thinks of wielding. Still it is a qualification for a song-writer; for a song should generally effervesce with airy sentiment that rises up lightly to the very surface of the mind without absorbing much attention, and should, therefore, carry its whole effect with it on its very first contact with the ear of the hearer. And in order that this may be the case, the mere *physique* of the words should be in some sense almost as important as the ideas they contain. We think, for instance, that in three other verses of the same piece Mr. Meredith has fairly succeeded in combining this effective sensuous organization of words with thought clear enough and telling enough for a very effective song; though that would not, we suppose, be his name for the piece in which we find it:—

"As some idea, half divined,
With tumult works within the brain

Of desolate genius, and the mind
Is vassal to imperious pain,

"For toil by day, for tears by night,
Till, in the sphere of vision brought,
Rises the beautiful and bright
Predestined but relentless Thought ;

"So, gathering up the dreams of years,
Thy love doth to its destined seat
Rise sovran, through the light of tears—
Achieved, accomplisht, and complete ! "

And there is a song in "Lucile" with the peculiar muscatel flavor of Moore's songs, though the idea it tries to embody is not worked out with any distinctness,—the song about the ship and the bird-of-paradise. Its metre has the peculiar swing of a skipping-rope, in which Moore's sentimental tenderness so often expresses itself, and its language has Moore's luscious effects, but its meaning is not brought out with any of Moore's point, and leaves but a faint glimmer of suspicion on the mind as to its true drift. Again, there is a song called a "Canticle of Love," that reminds us somewhat of the same poet, who would not, however, have allowed the last verse to descend into so deep a bathos. On the whole, Mr. Owen Meredith shows more qualification for writing a certain kind of sentimental song than for any other species of poem,—chiefly, we fear, because the need of an intellectual drift is then at its minimum, and the importance of the physical effect of words at its maximum. He tells us as a fact in "Lucile" that there are "Miss Tilburinas" who "sing, and not badly," his earlier verse. This is one of the few poetic distinctions which Mr. Meredith is likely to attain.

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It would, however, be unfair to Mr. Meredith to omit from our criticism a class of poems to which he has evidently devoted more time than to most others, and which are perhaps distantly related to these *manqués* levities of his. There are a considerable class of—lyrical ballads we cannot call them, for there is little or nothing of lyrical feeling in them—but, ballads with an Edgar Poe-ish flavor, the essence of the poem being a sudden horror, generally reaching a climax at the close. Of these we find a large number in the "Wanderer," containing, with many others, the "Castle of King Macbeth," which, like the tale of the Hunchback in the "Arabian Nights," throws down a solitary corpse upon us, and leaves us with it,—"King Limos," which begins with physical and ends with suggesting moral cannibalism,—"The Pedlar," a tale of permanent nightmare,—"Mystery," the dream of a delirious man whom the surgeons have bled,—"Misanthropos," intended, we fancy, as a kind of pendant to Tennyson's "Vision of Sin,"—the lines in a French *café*, which are an attempt to intrude the shadow of supernatural remorse into the life of pleasant sin,—"Going back again," which delineates a soft moonlight picture of a beauty sitting with her throat cut,—"The Ghost," and finally "The Portrait," which is, we take it, meant to contain the climax of the morally monstrous. This enumeration—and we might add some others of the same class—will be sufficient to show that Mr. Owen Meredith has made a special study of horrible situations. He has tried, too, in most of these cases, to give piquancy to the horror by a certain dash of levity such as Edgar Poe throws into his "Raven;" and this was what we meant by saying that there is a certain connection between these poems and the atrocious comic

Owen Meredith philosophizes on these occasions, which, we trust, is only a theatrical fiction; for if a man really rants thus to himself alone, the most solitary exercise of his intellect must be taken on stilts. It is from a piece called "Condemned Ones," in which, after reproaching himself and some lady, who appears to have deserted him, he goes on:—

"Yet is there much for grateful tears, if sad ones!

And Hope's young orphans Memory mothers yet;
So let them go, the sunny days we had once,
Our night hath stars that will not ever set.
And in our hearts are harps, albeit not glad ones,
Yet not all unmelodious, through whose strings
The night-winds murmur their familiar things,
Unto a kindred sadness: the sea brings
The spirits of its solitude, with wings
Folded about the music of each lyre,
Thrilled with deep duals by sublime desire,
Which never can attain, yet ever must aspire,
And glorify regret."

By very careful reflection it is possible to make out that Memory playing the mother to "Hope's young orphans" is a paraphrase for saying that the writer still cherishes the memory of the wishes which he once hoped for. But neither a poet nor any other man ever really conceived that very simple idea in the form of a Foundling Hospital or Orphan Asylum for Hope's babies, in which Memory has the post of matron. A man must go a very long way for such a metaphor as that to express one of the simplest of all thoughts. Then the last simile no ordinary mind is equal to. The duals thrilled by sublime desire must have of course some reference to the lady, and perhaps to some form of moral duet with her; but the sea and the spirits and the lyre, and the wings that are folded about its music, are a problem far beyond a simple person's mind, and can never have been the imaginative form of any man's genuine thoughts. These are the bright glass beads and bugles which Mr. Meredith hangs about his ideas to make them look poetical, but which really destroy Truth, and substitute showy glitter in its place.

As a song-writer Mr. Meredith would have more chance of attaining a moderate excellence, if he would attend a little more carefully to the duty of having something distinct to say. His one qualification as a verse-writer is a keen sense of what we may call the *physical* atmosphere which belongs to words, and which often overpowers for him their intellectual significance. Still this is

one of the most important qualifications of a song-writer. Moore had this sensuous feeling for words, and an infinitely greater poet, Tennyson, has it in a very high degree; but neither of them sacrifice a clear drift and image to the mere vapor or scent which words give off, as Mr. Owen Meredith often does. Take for example the following verses in the poem called "Once":—

"Oh, happy hush of heart to heart,
Oh, moment molten through with bliss,
Oh, Love delaying long to part,
That first, fast, individual kiss!

"Hereon two lives on glowing lips
Hung claspt, each feeling fold in fold,
Like daisies closed with crimson tips,
That sleep about a heart of gold."

We defy any one to get a clear notion out of the latter verse, though it sounds the *kind* of thing which Moore would have put into a song. Are we to conceive *two* crimson daisies, closed and placed cup to cup, as there are clearly two hearts, and the "deep duals" are, we suppose, the essence of the conception? And more, what is the force which the simile adds to the previous verse? Surely in fact it very much weakens the strength of it. If "the moment molten through with bliss" can be expressed by crimson daisies closed for the night, and, as we infer, somehow looped into each other, it cannot have been a very exalted moment after all. The capacity for an effective sensuous use of language is a very dangerous one, and requires a much stronger intellectual control over it than Mr. Owen Meredith thinks of wielding. Still it is a qualification for a song-writer; for a song should generally effervesce with airy sentiment that rises up lightly to the very surface of the mind without absorbing much attention, and should, therefore, carry its whole effect with it on its very first contact with the ear of the hearer. And in order that this may be the case, the mere *physique* of the words should be in some sense almost as important as the ideas they contain. We think, for instance, that in three other verses of the same piece Mr. Meredith has fairly succeeded in combining this effective sensuous organization of words with thought clear enough and telling enough for a very effective song; though that would not, we suppose, be his name for the piece in which we find it:—

"As some idea, half divined,
With tumult works within the brain

Of desolate genius, and the mind
Is vassal to imperious pain,

"For toll by day, for tears by night,
Till, in the sphere of vision brought,
Rises the beautiful and bright
Predestined but relentless Thought ;

"So, gathering up the dreams of years,
Thy love doth to its destined seat
Rise sovran, through the light of tears—
Achieved, accomplisht, and complete !"

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poems of which we spoke last. They are not, however, open to the same kind of criticism; for the touch of levity is seldom obtruded, and is always secondary to the touch of horror. The writer's notion evidently is that the poetical effect consists in the thrill with which the scene pictured inspires you; that if his picture can startle you in anything like the same degree as the actual discovery of a beauty sitting at her window in the moonlight with her throat cut, or of a man carousing at night with the ghost of his dead mistress, he has attained the highest triumph of poetical art. Accordingly, touches are sedulously introduced which in any way tend to enhance the thrill of horror; but we do not think that this is a path by which any one could reach a true poetical effect.

Poetry has something better to do than to imitate humbly the influence of ghost-stories and murders on the nervous system. It should if it touches such matters at all, attempt to draw away the veil of shuddering sense with which horrible catastrophes pre-occupy and blind us, and present in its place the realities of human feeling or passion which have led to tragedy as their result. Edgar Poe certainly does not do this. He rests on the merely morbid, as if the morbid were a final and universal root of human nature instead of a result of some deeper mental or moral distortion, the secret of which the poet ought to be able partially to fathom. Hence the exceedingly low level of Edgar Poe's power, — certainly marvellous of its kind. But Mr. Owen Meredith, without any of Edgar Poe's wonderful capacity for inspiring a hypochondriac mood in his readers, insists very unfortunately on pursuing the same course. And he succeeds in producing one or two disagreeable qualms of the same kind, though less acute than an actual ghost or an actual murder would produce. Now this seems to us to show that Mr. Owen Meredith has entirely mistaken the true field of poetry in relation to this species of tragic effect. The part of poetry in tragedy can never be the mere statement of a horrid moral riddle, to which the reader is left to find the answer. This is to put poetry below even the sensation drama. That aims no doubt at producing *coups de théâtre*, but at least it leads up to them and puts in the hands of the audience all the moral clues by which they are apparently explained. It relies on thrilling situa-

tions, but at least on thrilling situations which are intelligibly evolved out of known causes and which intelligibly contribute to visible effects. And none but the very lowest art relies even on the great scene for its "surprises" at all, but only for the greater scale of action and passion for which these scenes make room. It is not the thrill which the audience feels in the suffocation of Desdemona, but the gradual maturing of Othello's jealousy and its consummation in its natural fruit, which lends the interest to that last scene, — not the surprise, but the fulfilment of the growing dread, in some sense the very absence of all room for surprise. True poetry may sometimes, though rarely *begin* with an enigma, as in the case of "Hamlet," for instance, where the suspicion of murder does not dawn even on Hamlet's own mind till the ghost has appeared. But it can never end with one without ceasing to conform to all the laws of art. It is of the very essence of all art — poetical no less than that of the sculptor or the painter — to satisfy the mind, not to perplex it, — to offer a coherent vision to help us to understand something we did not understand before, if the subject is old; to give us a new object of imaginative perception which exemplifies known principles of human life, even if the subject is original. The situation in which the mind *cannot* rest, but which simply sets it speculating, is *ipso facto* inartistic. When, indeed, a poet or an imaginative writer has fashioned for us a whole narrative, then the painter may single out any momentary crisis in it and try to work out his conception; and this may be true art. But then the mind rests upon the known story, and looks to the painter for some fresh commentary on it, some fresh insight into it by which we may be able to appreciate more fully the conception in the creative mind of the dramatist. All true art extends our vision; and so far as it does not, but simply excites our curiosity or dread, it is not art. If the artist deals with a horrible subject, he must treat horror as a result of crime, sin, ignorance, or some other evil, and satisfy us that it is in its right place, however wrong the cause. Thus Shelley's "Cenci," which is a study of the most fearful of human horrors, is a work of high art so far at least as the character of Beatrice is concerned, because Shelley helps us to understand the secret of her childlike vindictiveness, the impersonality of her unscrupulous passion

to rid the earth of her destroyer. But it is not a work of high art as regards Count Cenci, because it leaves him the same riddle that it found him. Nor can poetry be absolved from this universal condition of all art. Even Mr. Owen Meredith's own poems sufficiently show this; for wherever we find one rising above the level of his ordinary verse, there also we find one which, instead of merely piquing curiosity, gives us a somewhat fuller insight into some corner of creation or some recess in the heart of man. If his sketch of the Duc de Luvois in "Lucile" is worth anything, it is for this reason; if his picture of the desolate sea-side country in which the scene of "the earl's return" is laid is worth anything, it is for this reason; and just so far as he puts forward an insoluble terror, simply for the thrill it excites in the nerves, so far he abjures his function of an artist, and does what the sensation paragraphs of an American newspaper effect better, instead.

We have said that Mr. Owen Meredith's "Misanthropos" is a kind of pendant to Tennyson's "Vision of Sin,"—not, we need scarcely say, comparable to it in any way, though the "Vision of Sin" is one of Tennyson's least successful pieces, but apparently allied with it in the form of conception. "Misanthropos," if, as we think, it does exemplify, does not exemplify strikingly, the fault we have just spoken of. It is comparatively a connected and rational piece, striving to delineate the state of mind of a dying misanthrope disgusted with life and all that it contains. But for this very reason it illustrates in the germ the poetical vice which such poems as "The Portrait" present in full bloom. The misanthropic state is not a subject for Art without some delineation of how a man has grown into misanthropy. It is essentially the fruit of a peculiar history and career. If delineated alone, it is like a shadow without any visible substance to cast it, or an image of revenge without the wrong which gave birth to it. Now Tennyson is clearly aware of this. He does not introduce his jaded sensualist, jeering at every semblance of good, till he has given us a glimpse into his history. The youth "who rode a horse with wings that would have flown, but that his heavy rider kept him down," and who had been led by a child of sin into the company "with heated eyes" and "sleepy light upon their brows and lips," is already printed

on the imagination before the "gray and gap-toothed man, as lean as death," crosses the horizon again, and launches out into that bitter satire against even the name of virtue.

"Virtue!—to be good and just—
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust
Mixed with cunning sparks of hell!"

And without the prologue the long philippic would have little or no artistic meaning. But Mr. Owen Meredith characteristically gives us the misanthropic declamation without a hint as to its birth. He opens with the waters of bitterness. The speaker introduces himself first in the caricaturing verse:—

"Not a light in yonder sky,
Save that single wicked star,
Leering with its wanton eye
Through the shattered window-bar;
Come to see me die!"

Now, not to speak of the absurd straining of the misanthropic mood implied in attributing wickedness to a star, the whole picture is utterly *unmotivated*,—an eclipse without a vestige of the body which casts the eclipse, a collapse without a paralyzing stroke, a passion of hatred without either a crime or a wrong. This cannot be good art; and when we are reminded from verse to verse, now, of the poem of Mr. Tennyson's we have mentioned, now, again, of Faust's curse, and now of Timon's just resentment, and yet find no root for any of these phases of misanthropy,—we see how completely Mr. Owen Meredith's notion of poetic effect is not artistic, but sensational. The Misanthrope too occasionally lapses into rather inconsistent apologies for sinners:—

"Oh, the vice within the blood!
And the sin within the sense;
And the fallen angelhood
With its yearnings too immense
To be understood!"

—a form of apology the last lines of which Mr. Owen Meredith might fairly adopt in his character of poet; but whether the immensity of his yearnings is sufficient excuse for the curiously torso character of his art, we are not quite sure.

But "Misanthropos" is, as we said, not only not the worst, but one of the least tricky of these sensational minor poems; for it does attempt to expound the intellectual attitude of the Misanthrope, though not to explain it. The real climax of poetical vice is reached in such pieces as "The Vampyre" or "The Por-

trait." In the latter poem a gentleman is introduced listening on a gusty night to the "wind at his prayers," whatever that meteorological phenomenon may be, and thinking by the dying fire of "the dear dead woman up-stairs." He explains to us that only two persons know anything about his trouble,—one "the friend of his bosom, the man I love," whom grief has "sent fast asleep" in the chamber up above; the other is the Raphael-faced young priest who confessed her when she died, a man "of gentle nerve," whom this grief of another man had moved beyond measure, for his lip had grown white as he speeded "her parting soul." In this desolate situation he recalls to mind that he has left a portrait of himself on the bosom of the corpse:—

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear;
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all around with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept!"

What this last statement may amount to as a measure of tenderness is not apparent; but he decides to reclaim his portrait before it is buried with her: and on going up-stairs to feel for it in the moonlight, he encounters another hand on the breast of the corpse, which turns out to be that of the "friend of my bosom, the man I loved," on the same errand; and a dispute very like that about the color of the chameleon occurs:—

"Said the friend of my bosom, 'Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know.'

"'This woman, she loved me well,' said I.
'A month ago,' said my friend to me:
'And in your throat,' I groaned, 'you lie!
He answered . . . 'Let us see.'

"'Enough!' I returned, 'let the dead decide:
And whose soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love.'

"We found the portrait there, in its place:
We opened it by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"'One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there,' I cried,
'Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died.'

"The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled;
For each pearl my eyes have wept!"—

with which the poem concludes, without any speech from the dead woman, like that addressed by the chameleon to the positive travellers, concerning the folly of judging by so limited an experience. The cold comment that "one nail drives out another, at least," with which the discovery of this harlot's elaborate double prostitution in the very face of death is received, is scarcely any addition to the very obscure testimony to the hero's tenderness, which appears to be typically set forth by the setting of the portrait in rubies and pearls. You are left with the raw horror on your mind of this frightful network of sensuality, duplicity, and death, and without any touch, however slight, which can serve to mitigate this horror by throwing the fine light of art over the scene. It is like an exceedingly detestable police-case thrown into rhyme. Owen Meredith may say, with great justice, that the plot of Shelley's "Cenci" is infinitely more frightful, and so it is; but, as we have said, Shelley has cast so bright an artistic beauty over the conception, has taken it up so completely into his imagination, that we can see nothing beyond the terrible intellectual and moral problem under which Beatrice Cenci's mind labored, and by which it was so fearfully warped. But Mr. Owen Meredith does not throw this horror into any intellectual form at all. He does not even delineate it, if he is fully aware of it,—he only tells us what he expects will make us shudder, and imagines that that shadow is due to his poetry. Why, if you were to translate the thing into prose, you would lend it a much stronger effect. The only influence of the verse is to give a certain dilettante sort of ornament to the story, without once arousing the imagination. You wonder what the rubies and pearls mean, and what sort of troubles he alludes to in the many bleedings of the heart to which he has been subject, and the tears he has shed,—whether they were all for this woman or not, and so forth. But the only intellectual kernel of the piece, if the incident be possible at all,—the state of mind of this dying prostitute,—is not even touched. The story is pitched down before us in naked loathsomeness, a kind of monstrous nut to crack; and not a particle of ar-

tistic assistance is rendered towards solving the mystery of evil which the poet has indicated. No artistic crime could be more heinous.

We have now attempted to show that in almost all the departments of his art which he has attempted at all, Mr. Owen Meredith, or the gentleman who writes under that name, has substituted, for the genuine poetic art, which tries to reveal through the imaginative world, as fully as possible, the true spirit of human life and nature,—the spurious poetic art, which invents decorative artifices to hide the emptiness of its form. The latter is to the former what dress and ornament are to the culture of perfect beauty. Indeed, Mr. Owen Meredith's skill is mainly, as it seems to us, a branch of literary cosmetics, through which signs of healthy, earnest, and rounded purpose only shine in glimpses here and there. If we have been too severe, it is not at least from any personal motive; for we have never heard anything of the writer except that his poems are popular, and that he stands socially far above the need of anything like literary compassion. At a time when poetry has to do, for the cultivated world, much, not only of its own proper work, but of that of faith also,—when the true poets know intimately how infinitely difficult it is to find for their delineations but "one feeling based on truth"—on the absolute solid rock of truth, it is in our mind a serious duty to sound the artifices of the mere decorators of human life, who put a chain round its neck, and earrings in its ears, and fine raiment on its back, and beautify its complexion, and teach it the graceful attitudes of movement and repose, and call the result—poetry. We shall be

grieved if we have done this gentleman any injustice. We have anxiously noted almost any sign of imaginative sincerity and vigor that a very careful study of him has discovered; but with every fresh reading we have gained fresh certainty that his models are bad, his method spurious, and his own feeling for nature either dull or blunted. His art is typified by the fair ghost whom he describes in one of his pointlessly thrilling poems. A woman "pale and fair," who seems a monarch's daughter "by the red gold round her hair," comes to him towards dawn, lifts up her head "from her white shoulders," and says,—

"Look in! you'll find I'm hollow;
Pray do not be afraid."

That must have been Mr. Owen Meredith's Muse. She is a well and even ornately dressed ghost, who habitually proclaims the gospel of her hollowness to any critic who will allow himself to be haunted by her for a season. We have looked in, we have found her very hollow, and we are not at all afraid; but we are very much fatigued, and, as the beaten soldiers say, "demoralized" by the process. "Earth is sick and heaven is weary" of this tawdry finery affecting the grandeur of an art which of all arts is the most real to the very few to whom has been given the vision and the power to discern, and live by, the truth of life. Mr. Owen Meredith has cleverness, and is not incapable of higher aims. He will one day cast off with a sigh of relief the meretricious and dilettante costume which has so long disguised him from his true self, as well as from the world which has applauded and misled him.

NEW discoveries are reported from Pompeii. A house has been uncovered, which, to judge from the splendor of its interior, and its almost entirely preserved furniture, must have belonged to a very wealthy proprietor. The triclinium (dining-room) is paved with mosaic, representing a number of *gourmandises* of the time. The completely served table is covered with petrified remnants of dishes; and around it are found three divans, or rather table-beds, of bronze, richly adorned with gold and silver, upon which reposed several skeletons. A great many pre-

cious jewels were found near them. On the table stood, among other ornaments, a very beautifully worked statue of Bacchus in silver, with eyes of enamel, a collar of jewels, and precious armlets.

ACCORDING to the *Journal de Geneve*, Zschokke was not sole author of "Die Stunden der Andacht;" but the work was the joint production of some seven or eight contributors, of whom the late M. von Wessenberg was one.

From The Saturday Review.

THE HATRED OF PRIESTS.

WE are indebted to the *Spectator* for a very curious story of French crime. Some years ago, two men, Antoine Fillion and Claude Maucuer, were working together in a silk manufactory at Lyons, and Fillion conceived an intense hatred of Maucuer. Fillion left the manufactory, rejoined it, and was one of the hands turned off during a recent slackness of work. On the 30th of last June, he came behind Maucuer and stabbed him in the back with a dinner-knife. The blow was instantly fatal, and Fillion, after having vainly requested the bystanders to arrest him, sat calmly down to wait till the police came. In his pocket was found a written statement of the motive which had prompted the crime, and he stuck to his account of the matter at his trial. The motive was simple, but strange. He had committed the murder because Maucuer was a religious man. They had often had fierce arguments in the working-room, in which Fillion reasoned as a general disbeliever in all religion, and Maucuer as an ardent Catholic. Fillion, in his statement, drew a picture of the enormities he had to endure in his opponent. All the ideas of Maucuer, he said, were opposed to him. He believed the most absurd miracles; he never lost an opportunity of talking religion; "one would have said he wanted to proselytize"—an offence which Fillion regarded as other men would regard the wish to commit murder or rape. At last, a private wrong determined him to avenge himself and the world on this odious monster. His father stopped an allowance he made him, on the ground that he had been discovered to be illegitimate; and this discovery was supposed to have been made by the confession of his mother, to which a priest had urged her. The confessor was, as Fillion termed it, "inaccessible," because Fillion could not find out who he was. But Maucuer was at hand, and Maucuer was the friend and supporter of priests. He "cherished that kind of canaille." So Fillion stabbed him in the back, and set the world free from at least one religious man, which was some little contribution to the establishment of the pure doctrine which Fillion was anxious to propagate, and which he summed up by saying, "I see nothing in nature, on the earth or out of the earth, save one grand Whole, infinitely

varied, which aggregates itself into one." This was the view of things which satisfied Fillion, and for rejecting which Maucuer was killed. The strangest part of the business is that the jury thought there were extenuating circumstances in the murder, and so this hater of priests escaped the guillotine.

This is obviously a crime which could have been committed nowhere but in France. We can think of no other Christian country where priests are hated simply because they are priests, and where it would be possible to find a fanatic who thought he was doing the world and man good service if he rid the earth of one priest or priest's friend. In Protestant countries the thing is ludicrously impossible. We do not suppose the fiercest disciple of the *Reasoner* would voluntarily even tread on the Archbishop of Canterbury's corns. Even in other Catholic countries, where there is a dislike of priests, this comes from political causes; and priests are hated, as in Italy, because they are the servants of tyranny, and not because they believe miracles, and wish to proselytize. But in France there is a deep feeling against priests quite independent of the wrongs that priests have done or are likely to do, just as there is a fierce hatred of kings and nobles. How this arose history cannot tell us. It is true that France was badly governed, and that the old French aristocracy was insolent, and pressed hardly on the country, and that the priests were the friends of the upper classes. But although this might account for the rising of the nation against its rulers, it does not account for the wonderful feeling of hatred which burns in French breasts against the representatives of the old upper classes. The French priests were not worse than other priests. They were not opposed to such liberties as France possessed under the old *régime*. On the contrary, De Tocqueville has shown that the clergy were often the only supporters of local independence. Nor had the French the misery of being overrun by a foreign priesthood, and it is only since the Revolution that an Ultramontane clergy has begun to look to Rome more than to Paris as its capital. Nor, again, was there anything in the French character, as it appeared under the old Bourbons, to explain this violence of feeling. De Tocqueville has devoted great pains to showing how the way was paved for the Revolution, many years before it broke

out, by the gradual introduction of a bureaucratic system. But this only touches the outside of things. No one has yet attempted to show that there was any preparation for the Revolution in the French character. It is idle to try to account for the modern phase of French feeling by speaking of the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau. Germany and Italy were equally pervaded by a spirit of irreligious contempt for things traditional, and by a dreamy wish for change; but there was never, in Germany or Italy, that frenzied persuasion of the horrible badness of old things which possessed the minds of the French at the time of the Revolution, and has colored their history ever since. Marat, and Robespierre, and their fellows come upon us by a sort of surprise in history, and we only lose the sense of this surprise because we find them substantially repeated in the more recent history of France.

The only historical phenomenon to which this transformation of France can be compared is that of the rise of such a religion as Mahometanism. We cannot account for the appearance of Mahometanism. There is nothing, so far as we can pretend to say, in the old history of the Arabs, which can be regarded as fitting in with the rise of such a religion. But directly it appeared it carried the Arabs with it. It gave them a character; it created in them, by the very process of working it out, a power and a spirit they had not before. It filled them with a longing to beat down the new enemies which their new faith discovered for them. Outsiders may regard their faith as a grand mistake. They may easily show that Mahometanism is a hard, sterile, deadening belief. It has swept over the East only to crush and destroy it. Wherever it has gone, it has carried with it the havoc of a protracted ruin. But its propagators were filled with its influence. They did not reason; they leaped forth to smite and to get rid of the vile despisers of their prophet. And this is very much what has happened in France. The fanatical Frenchman believes in the ideas of '89 very much as the Mahometan believes in the Koran. He hates a noble or a priest as a Mahometan hates a Giaour. A friend of the priests, who wounds his dearest feelings by believing in miracles, is to him what an unbeliever who defiles a mosque is to a Mahometan. Any invasion of his beloved equality, any

sign that there are men whom the law regards as higher and better than he is, any of the hated claims of nobility to especial reverence, is like the raising of the Cross above the Crescent. And neither the Mahometan nor the Frenchman feels or cares about the slight justification which history can offer him. Mahometanism is often represented as a deserved punishment for the frivolities and degradation of the Christians of the Eastern Empire. It seems a severe retribution for weak metaphysics that large tracts of the richest parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia should have been laid waste for a thousand years; but there can be no doubt that Christianity had become a very poor thing in most of the countries condemned to the desolation of Mahometanism. In the same way, there was much justification for a revolution in France. Feudalism was dying out in Europe, but it died hard, and it was perhaps beneficial that it should get a blow that despatched it. The old type of kingcraft and priestcraft was a nuisance that could well be spared. But fanatics do not trouble themselves to trace the slight grounds on which they may be shown to be partially right. The Mahometan has no idea but to dash upon the world, shouting his formula, and hoping to make all men shout it too. The Frenchman feels no want or short-coming in his religion of hatred, and he no more vexes himself with the thought that he has nothing more substantial than the great Whole to put in place of what he destroys, than the Mahometan concerns himself about the ruins he has made, or mourns the decay of the famous cities he has reduced to squalor and beggary.

In modern society, no feelings, however strong, have uninterrupted play; no form of belief stands by itself; no interests exist without counter-interests to oppose them. The French hater of priests works in a shop with the friend of priests, and the philosophy of despair is met by the zeal of Catholicism. Order, too, must prevail in daily life, unless a nation is to be immersed in endless misery. There must be a government, and in France it has been decided that there must be an official religion. Such men as Fillion, therefore, and the thousands who think as he did, only in a less strong and positive form, do not come to the surface in French life. But no one can understand France, or its position in Europe, who does not take

into account the spirit of fanatical hatred to the representatives of the old order of things which prevails through a large portion of the French population. It is very much like the Mahometan fanaticism which lies smouldering in the Ottoman Empire. The pressure of Christian Europe, the necessities of the sultan, and the strong arm of military force, keep this fanaticism in obscurity; but it is there, and, if the slightest breath of favor breathed on it from the Porte, it would burst into flames at once. Even in quiet times, the sultan cannot afford to ignore its existence, and is anxious to have it known and believed that he is the most faithful of the faithful. In the same way, the French Empire is always careful to proclaim that it, and it alone, represents the instincts and acknowledges the claims and the power of the revolutionary fanaticism of France. Louis Napoleon not only holds himself out as the Eldest Son of the Church, but also as the chief Apostle of the Revolution. Count Persigny, who has at least the merit of heartily believing in the empire he has helped to set up, bases its great claim to the adherence of Frenchmen on the fact that the empire

alone recognizes France as it really is. Others dream of a dominant Church, or of a balanced Constitution; but all this, as Count Persigny has recently taken occasion to observe, is impossible in France. The elements of cohesion which may be observed to bind together other countries have been finally destroyed by the Mahometans of the Revolution, and the faithful will never permit them to be restored. French society is, to use his metaphor, a heap of grains of sand, and priests and nobles will never bind it together again. That alone which can bind together is supplied by the empire. Democracy, that it may enjoy its proper power, requires two things—an all-pervading machinery of Government, and a leader that can speak in its name. France has these two things; it has its préfets and their subordinates, and it has Louis Napoleon. We in England do not admire either the empire or that on which it rests, any more than we admire Mahometanism. But when we are speculating on France or Turkey, it is foolish to shut our eyes to what men really feel there, or to the consequences to which their feelings lead.

ARCHÆOLOGY also, like everything else, has its fashions. The latest stage of mediæval investigation on the Continent directs its attention to ancient ecclesiastical implements and dresses, and the magnificent joiners', silversmiths', embroiderers', weavers' works which have survived. Of recent publications in this province we notice "The Church-Treasure of Basle-Munster," by C. Buckhardt and C. Riegenbach, which contains, with accurate historical and archæological illustrations, beautiful photographs and wood-cuts. Although the principle treasures of Basle, such as the famous altar-piece of Henry II. and the golden rose, are no longer there, enough yet remains worthy of the highest attention and careful study. Another work of this kind is M. Nohl's and R. Bogler's "Chorstuhle im Capitelsaale des Domes zu Mainz," in twenty-two large folio-sheets of accurate and excellent drawings, with an archæological introduction. There is also a further instalment of Egle's "Mediæval Architectural Monuments of Suabia," containing the beginning of the plastic and architectonic treasures of Ulm.

It is calculated that 700,000 people had flocked to Paris for the late Fete de l'Empereur, and every one of them was in ecstasies of delight; so,

at least, the Parisians declare. There was, however one little song in the Opéra Comique, called "Après la Victoire," which, by its singular metre, is said to have been highly displeasing to some people's ears, and which it was also contemplated to suppress. The following stanza may serve as a specimen:—

"Formez les chœurs . . . et que l'on danse,
Melez vos refrains,
Clairons, tambourins !
Ran, plan ! plan ! ta, ta, ta !
Allons en cadence,
Fetons l'abondance ;
Chantons et dansons
An bruit des canons !"

THE POPE has just presented to the Museum of the Capitole a colossal statue of the Empress Faustina, from the time of the Antonines, recently found at the villa Massino, which has been acquired by the new railway company. The statue is of extreme elegance and beauty, and has, besides, preserved all the gilding and coloring. It has now been placed in the "Gladiator-room."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

WHEN I was a boy, my Uncle Jervis was notable among us and our acquaintances for always sleeping with his window open. Not exactly in all weathers; justice to his memory obliges me to state that the beating rain and the driving snow were generally shut out when they happened to come on before my uncle went to rest, or he to wake in the midst of their fury—matters by no means to be reckoned on, for he was an early-to-bed and a sound-sleeping man, but except on those rare occasions, his bedroom window stood open all night long, summer and winter. Being a bachelor, he had his liberty in that as well as in other things,—I quote the honest man's own words,—and however he had contracted the habit, it appeared to serve him in lieu of all the peculiarities with which his state of freedom is generally accredited. My uncle was neither stingy, fault-finding, nor precise; in short, he was remarkable for nothing but his open window. It was the one strong point on which our grown-up friends marvelled and moralized. We lived in the oldest part of Exeter, and were not partial to fresh air. It was also the point on which myself and contemporaries took to imitating Uncle Jervis, to the serious disturbance of mother and nurse, and the getting of sundry coughs and catarrhs. But those days of bold adventure and trouble-giving passed away, with many a change of cares and places. My contemporaries went some into business, some into the grave. I got engaged; went to China for seven years in the service of a tea-company; came back again, and was married to the present Mrs. Makeweight; and had not seen Uncle Jervis for nearly fifteen years, till he came to visit us in our new house at Clapham Rise. There had been no quarrel, but mere separation, produced by seas and circumstances. My uncle was still the travelling partner of a notable wine and spirit firm in Bristol, and but for a greater quantity of gray about him, would have looked as fresh and active as when I saw him last. Was it his open window that should get the credit? Harriet and I discussed that problem together with what should be had for dinner when he came back from the City. Young house-keepers are apt to be fussy on such matters, and she particularly congratulated herself that it was Uncle Jervis who must sleep in

our spare room that night, as our maid had broken the largest pane in its window, and the glazier, who had been coming to mend it for the last fortnight, had not yet arrived.

Uncle Jervis always kept his window open, and would not mind a broken pane, of course. I thought so too, and sat down to dinner with an easy conscience. Mrs. Makeweight left us early. She had to see that the maid did not break our best china, or wet the tea with water that had never boiled; and being punctilious in those days of early domesticity, I thought it incumbent upon me to mention the broken bedroom window, and remark that I knew he would not care about that.

"I am afraid I do care, George," said my uncle; "but you have a shutter or something to keep out the night-air."

"The night-air!" said I. "Don't you always sleep with your window open? I told Harriet so a hundred times, or she should have sent for the glazier, and made him mend it, under pain of her highest displeasure."

"It is lucky that I am not obliged to verify all the tales you told to Harriet, George; but you were perfectly correct as far as your knowledge went," said Uncle Jervis. "I did sleep with my window open, as long as I can remember; from my early youth, in fact, till about ten years ago, when a strange adventure frightened me out of the practice. You are curious to hear the story, I see, and it is worth telling. Besides, we are alone here, and one likes to tell such tales to a boy who will listen, and not repeat indiscreetly. That is my estimate of you, George."

"Strange to say, the beginning lies fifty years back, when I was at Dr. Chancellor's school in the Cathedral Close of Exeter. It was a select seminary for young gentlemen, where good Latin and sound morals were taught; and if birch were not regarded as the veritable tree of knowledge, it certainly did the representative business. There were nineteen boys besides myself under his tuition and discipline. The doctor never received beyond that number, saying it was as much as he could manage. I am not going to give you a complete account of my school and schoolfellows, having forgotten most of them myself; but there was one among the twenty at Dr. Chancellor's whom they had all cause to remember; his name was Linton Southwell. I believe the Christian name came from his mother's family; but we called him

Lint. He was the only and orphan child of a country gentleman belonging to one of the oldest families in that part of Devon, and heir to Southwell Manor, a comfortable estate with mansion and park some five miles from Exeter. None of us knew Lint's age. He looked about twelve, but was probably older, for the boy labored under a curved or deformed spine, with its usual consequence, general delicacy of health. There must have been a peculiar crack in his brain too. It was not perceptible in Lint's talk or looks: the former was like that of boys in general; the latter, though sickly and wizened, were by no means silly. He got on tolerably with his lessons, wrote very decent exercises, stood the half-yearly examinations as well as most of the twenty, and took a creditable part in all our quiet plays, the active and rough ones being rather beyond him. But there was a spirit of mischief, or rather of malice in the heir of Southwell Manor, which, for activity and ingenuity, I never saw equalled. If any boy in the school had written a copy, got a new book, or bought a new plaything of which he was particularly proud and careful, Lint never rested till it was damaged, if not totally spoiled, by some contrivance of his. The trouble he gave himself, and the cunning he displayed in upsetting ink-bottles, overturning desks, and letting heavy slates fall just where they were sure to work the requisite destruction, were truly marvellous. There was not always a visible motive: sometimes it might have been spiteful envy of things in which his schoolfellows happened to excel him; but more frequently it seemed to be the pure love of destroying whatever other people took pride or found pleasure in. I have known him run considerable risk, and wait for hours, to get an opportunity of splashing the usher's best coat with ink, or breaking Dr. Chancellor's favorite spectacles.

There was a tradition in the school that Lint had been frightened in his infancy, some said by a mad bull, some by a monkey. Nobody was clear on the tale; but most of the boys were inclined to believe that his deformity and withered looks were somehow owing to that incident. If the like had ever taken place, Lint seemed inclined to turn his experience to account on all around him; his propensity for spoiling things was, if possible, exceeded by his zeal to surprise and frighten. Hiding himself in the most unlikely places,

uttering the most unearthly sounds, and popping out at the most unguarded minutes, were the smallest of Lint's performances in that line. He spent the greater part of his pocket-money on masks, was caught at least once a quarter stealing through the bedrooms with a sheet wrapped about him; and his chosen pastime was to look with a horrible grin through any of the windows which happened to be left uncurtained at nightfall, no weather keeping the delicate boy from slipping out for that purpose. Nothing but latent insanity could account for those strange and troublesome ways. Neither I nor any of my schoolfellows were intelligent enough to think so at the time, but Dr. Chancellor probably knew it; and that, together with the general delicacy of Lint's health, may have been the reason why the good doctor departed from his established rule, and spared the birch to a degree which astonished and rather displeased us all. Lint Southwell escaped punishment for crimes and misdemeanors which would have insured the highest penalties to anybody else. He got more admonitions than any boy in school, was more frequently sent for to Dr. Chancellor's study, and lectured by Mrs. Chancellor in the back-parlor,—we were all boarders, and she did the domestic government,—but Lint was in a great measure exempted from what the doctor called the consequences of insubordination, and the tale went that his relations had specially stipulated and paid for the immunity. They were few in number, but near in blood, consisting, as far as we knew, of Captain Southwell, his wife, his son, and his daughter, being uncle, aunt, and cousins to Lint.

The captain being a younger brother, had gone early into the army, by way of provision, was said to have done duty like a gallant officer, but lost an arm in one of the battles of the Peninsula, and retired on half-pay. His wife had been one of the Devonshire belles in her time; but she had no fortune. His son and daughter had grown up to inherit their mother's good looks and their father's high spirit, but other inheritance they had none; and as there was nothing else for the children of country gentry in my young days, the son was a poor ensign never out of debts and difficulties, and the daughter a fisher of men—that is to say, of eligible matches—at all the county balls. It was agreed among the gossips of Exeter—and

few towns were richer in the like—that if Captain Southwell had not been appointed guardian of his nephew, and care-taker of the mansion and estate till Lint came of age, the family would have had little to live and dress upon. As it was, they were highly respected people; resided in Southwell Hall; paid their tradespeople, though on rather lengthy credit; kept a genteel establishment; saw company occasionally, and made themselves agreeable to high and low. Everybody said it was a pity that they must turn out when the boy at Dr. Chancellor's came to his majority, with that deformed spine, wizened face, and odd, ungainly disposition. But the Southwells did not appear to vex themselves about that, nor to grudge the poor nephew his prospects; on the contrary, they were universally allowed to have done their duty kindly and considerately by the boy. He was sent to Dr. Chancellor's school because no tutor could manage him at home; some people said because no servant would stay in the house with him and his habits of singular mischief. He was supplied with pocket-money, and well looked after in the matter of comforts and conveniences. Mrs. Chancellor had the special charge of his personal well-being. The carriage came for him as sure as the holidays came round. His uncle, his aunt, or his cousins were calling to inquire for him every week; and the medical man was to be sent for if ever Lint said he was the least out of sorts.

"Such and so situated was my remembered schoolfellow. I did not dislike him more than the rest of the boys did, and I am not aware that any of them had occasion to like Lint. They had all been plagued by him more or less, as time and opportunity served, been vexed at his getting off, and made endeavors to pay him back in his own coin; but one transaction brought him and me into more direct and unlucky collision.

"Dr. Chancellor was an enthusiast in the art of drawing; he practised it with success, did his best to make the whole twenty do likewise, and gave special encouragement to any boy who happened to excel in it. I was one of the select few. However little of a draughtsman now, my performances were then the subject of Dr. Chancellor's frequent praise, and my own abundant pride; and when the benevolent ladies of the close got up a bazaar,—I think it was for the Church

Missionary Society,—the doctor's best hands with the pencil were set to work, and myself among them, to make a prize-drawing of Exeter Cathedral. The successful effort was to be rewarded with a splendid portfolio, color-box, and pencil-case. It was afterwards to be exhibited in the bazaar, with the maker's name clearly written below, and sold for the benefit of the mission. My attempt had been pronounced, almost from its commencement, the winning-card. The doctor's opinion of it was so decided that my rivals did not think of competition, but only finished their work for form's sake. Mrs. Chancellor had talked of it everywhere; my friends had called to see it; the bazaar-week was approaching, and I was giving my cathedral some finishing touches, one wet, Saturday evening, when I perceived Lint busy about my desk. My experience told me he was bent on mischief. I had kept my drawing well out of his reach all the time of its preparation. I had taken a resolution not to mind anything he should say, or do anything he should want, till it was out of my hands; but Lint was not to be so easily foiled in his cherished design.

"While I was occupied in admiring my cathedral, he discovered that there was a large inkstand put out of the way on a shelf immediately over my desk. Before I was aware of his intentions, the little wretch had got on the form behind me, caught at the inkstand, as if to take it off the shelf; and the exclamations of my schoolfellows, who perceived what he was about, were accompanied by its downcome on my drawing, with a cataract of ink, which splashed up into my face, and ran down upon the floor. The cardboard was soaked through—the work of a full fortnight, the pride of my heart and of Dr. Chancellor's was utterly destroyed: not a line, not a vestige of my cathedral visible, but one black mass of ink, and the bazaar was to open on Monday. I was a strong boy, with a great turn for boxing, though the noble science was not allowed place or practice in that select seminary, and in my indignation I would have taken such vengeance on the evil-doer as would have kept him from further mischief, by finishing his days on the spot; but as he fled from me crying out, 'I couldn't help it; I don't know what you mean,'—that was Lint's style on such occasions,—we both ran against the doctor, who had been absent for the moment,

but returned in time to see Lint's performance through the half-open door, though not in time to prevent it. The good man's wrath was almost as great as my own. He had taken nearly equal pride in the drawing; and its wilful destruction was so flagrant a crime in his eyes, that it overcame the doctor's usual charity or prudence, and Lint did not get off that time. He was seized as a felon caught in the act, and punished to the great delight of the entire school. The discipline was given with good-will, though not with extra severity; but the shrieks of the culprit were something to be remembered by those who heard them. I believe the doctor entirely lost his character among the benevolent ladies of the close, for there was not one of them that didn't send in a servant to inquire what dreadful accident had happened, and the execution of his justice had to be curtailed on account of two policemen knocking at the street-door. How Lint could make such a noise, was a marvel to us all. His exertions in that line, however, made him appear so ill, when the business was fairly done, that the doctor began to repent of his haste, and I would have given my drawing in its pristine beauty to have had no part in the matter. Lint's illness was mostly sham, as we soon found out; but the people in Southwell Hall, though they could not have heard his shrieks, got news of them, and next day the captain arrived in his carriage to have a serious discourse with Dr. Chancellor in the study, and take his nephew home. The captain was a sensible man. Whatever passed between the doctor and him, he took his leave gravely, but not in angry fashion. Lint went home with him, to the joy and satisfaction of the school; we would have made a bonfire, but for fear of Dr. Chancellor, who had lost a well-paying pupil, and was consequently out of humor for some days.

"Things went on in their usual course. The bazaar was held without my drawing, and nobody else exhibited; the doctor said there were none of the drawings good enough, and we thought he wanted to please the Southwells, by keeping the whole business out of sight and out of mind. There was therefore a terror among us that Lint might come back to school; but our minds were relieved on that point about a fortnight after, when it became rumored that the Southwells were going to the Continent, and taking their

nephew with them. A trip to the Continent was not so common among the west-country gentlemen then as it is now. Some people thought they had overrun the constable, and were going to try cheap living; some, that the captain was going to place his unmanageable nephew at school in France or Germany, where he had less chance of being spoiled than at home. The Southwells rather encouraged the latter opinion, as far as anything could be got out of them by their curious friends; but away they went, husband and wife, son, daughter, and nephew. The best part of the hall was shut up, the servants were put on board-wages, and we heard nothing of them for nearly a twelvemonth. At the end of that time, Captain Southwell's man of business, with whom Dr. Chancellor had dealings and acquaintance, told him that Master Linton was very ill at Hamburg, where the family were stopped on his account, because the sickness had been sudden; but he hoped the boy would soon recover, and they should return to Southwell Hall. The next news from the attorney startled the good doctor, for he had been expecting Lint back again, but I don't think it grieved any of his scholars but myself. The poor boy had died in Hamburg of an attack of scarlet fever, which his constitution was too weak to stand, and the Southwells were bringing home his corpse to lay it beside his father and mother in the family vault. They had done their duty handsomely by the orphan, and good people said it was a reward from Providence that he should thus be called away, and leave them his inheritance of Southwell Manor. They came home in deep mourning, and made a solemn funeral for poor Lint; it was attended by the half of Exeter, and many of the county gentry. The boys of Dr. Chancellor's school were there with crape on their hats, though I was the only one among them that felt anything like sorrow; not that I had any more reason to regret the departed, but it went to my heart that the poor sickly boy should have been punished and taken from school on my account, and that the next thing I saw of him was his coffin. They laid him in the vault, and I went back to school. The Southwells took full possession of the hall and manor, became established people, with no chance of being turned out, and prospered accordingly. The son got a captain's commission; the daughter got a major from India. The fam-

ily saw more life, exhibited more grandeur, but kept, on the whole, a steady hand, like people who had seen hard times.

"Now, George, there is the first division of my story. The other goes far into after-years, and has nothing to do with the chances and changes between. I had been doing a man's work, and filling a man's place, though it was that of a single one, in the world. I had got from a clerkship to be a travelling partner, and done business for the firm, as I am doing it still, in all the British, and half the continental towns. My schooldays, with their joys and troubles, had melted from my memory, and grown dim in the distance of time, except those unforgettable landmarks on which the mind ever looks back; and the scenes and doings of Dr. Chancellor's school were among them. The few companions of that time whom I chanced to meet in business or friendship were all hard-headed men like myself, and much occupied with having and holding, with families and firms; but sometimes, when any chance recollection brought them up, we used to talk and laugh over the old days in the Cathedral Close, and particularly the mischievous deeds of poor Lint Southwell, which were so grievous then, and seemed such trifles now.

"Well, it was thirty years, good measure, since we had seen the last of them, and our wine and spirit trade had brought me to the rich old town of Hamburg. Our house generally does a good stroke of business there in the distilled department. I had accomplished one already, and retired with great satisfaction to an old-fashioned but respectable hotel kept by Christina Ramsay, a widow, and a Scotchwoman from Leith. I need not tell you that there are more Scotch people in Hamburg than any other sort of foreigners; indeed, they are scarcely foreigners at all, many of their families having lived there for two or three generations. But to them all, and to British travellers generally, when they were not too grand or fashionable, Christina Ramsay's house was known as one where real comfort and moderate charges might be expected. It was therefore much frequented, though rather out of the way, in a narrow street of that old part of Hamburg built before the Reformation, on the east bank of the Alster.

"Mrs. Ramsay knew me, for I had been at her house before. It was rather full when I

arrived at the close of a sultry day in the beginning of September, when the summer heat still lingered, though the nights were growing long. She found me a comfortable room, however; it was on the second floor back. Let me observe, Mrs. Ramsay occupied the whole house, though private people, except very wealthy, live in flats in Hamburg. The window looked out on the black roofs of some low buildings which served for stables to the hotel, and immediately beyond rose the equally black walls of high old houses belonging to another street. 'Never mind,' said I; 'I will get fresh air, any way,' opening the window as far as it would go, for the early Germans seemed to have all gone to bed in the opposite houses; and being heartily tired, I undressed, and got quickly into bed, after seeing that my door was securely fastened.

"I fell asleep almost as soon as my head was on the pillow, and must have slept for some hours, when I was awakened by a mingled sensation of lights and sounds in my room. I looked up, and saw the moon, which had risen above the tops of the opposite houses, and was shining right into my window with that intense brilliancy peculiar to her waning time in the nights of autumn. But by her light I also saw a white, ghastly face looking in upon me with a grin of such hideous mirth and malice as chilled my blood, and I knew it at the same instant to be that of my long dead and buried schoolfellow, Linton Southwell! I never thought myself wanting in courage, and have had some occasion for it in my time, but at that sight my reason and manhood utterly forsook me; I drew the bedclothes over my head in the extremity of terror, and for all the wealth of rich and busy Hamburg, I could not have looked up for at least two or three minutes. Then my mind gathered strength again; I raised myself, determined to address the apparition, though I am not sure that I could have done it; but there was nothing there: the bright moon still shone through the window, and made everything on my table visible; the whole neighborhood lay still as death; and I sat there on my bed, with bristling hair and chattering teeth, expecting another appearance, for some minutes more. At last, I summoned resolution enough to rise and go to the window. It was the most desperate effort I ever made in my life. There was nothing to be seen but the black roofs below, the

black walls opposite; the flood of moonlight poured down between them, and the exceeding darkness of the corners it did not reach. I closed the window, and fastened it down, blind, curtains, and all; nothing earthly would have induced me to go to bed again and leave it open. I struck a match, lit my candle, and looked at my watch—it was half-past one; there was many an hour till day-break yet, and the thought made me shudder. Tired as I had gone to bed, sleep was now impossible. I dressed myself, drank a quantity of cold water, for I was positively faint, and sat down, hoping my German candle would hold out till morning. It did hold out, and I sat there trying to think, trying to read, and, I believe, half sleeping, till daybreak came, and the early household began to stir. Let me honestly confess that never was any sound more grateful to my ear than the first of their movements, and never any sight so welcome as the first creeping in of the early gray. But the daylight, with all the life it woke around me could not dispel the conviction of the night. It was not possible to entertain the idea that my eyes or imagination had deceived me. I had seen the face of the boy whose funeral I attended thirty years before, looking in at my open window. It was a face not to be forgotten, and stamped on my memory by many an unpleasant recollection, which, strange to say, last men longest. In short, I had seen Lint Southwell's ghost. I could not doubt the fact; but I would not speak of it: the thing was too terribly real, and people would only laugh at me for weakness and superstition; but to remain in Mrs. Ramsay's house for another night and risk the same sight again I could not, though why the spirit should have chosen to appear to me there, seemed unaccountable, till I recollected that it was at Hamburg Lint had died, and probably in that very hotel, the Southwells being English travellers, and likely to patronize it. I would have tried to get information out of Mrs. Ramsay on that subject, but could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to go about it with anything like the requisite calmness. To get out of her house and out of the town before another night fell, was my one object, and I accomplished it so far as to sleep at a Danish inn in Altona, which lay near enough for my business with the Hamburg merchants. I thought the shrewd Scotchwoman suspected that there was some

particular cause for my hasty departure, but either her national prudence or hotel-keeping experience kept her silent, and I went my way.

"That is the second division of my story, George, and you will allow it is a strange one. I kept it shut up in my own memory, however, partly from an unwillingness to talk on a subject of such fear and horror—for the mirth and malice in that ghastly face seemed to have a terrible reference to the terms on which Lint and I parted at Dr. Chancellor's school—and partly from the conviction that my most confidential friend would set me down as superstitious, if he did not say so. I shut the secret in myself; but I kept my window closed thenceforth in all my sleepings at home and abroad, however sultry the night, however close the room; it would have been impossible for me to shut my eyes with the thought that they might open to see that face looking in upon me again. You may think me weak, George, but seeing is believing, and the recollection haunted me like a special experience or revelation, dividing my life from that of other men, as one who had come face to face with the returning dead, and received a demonstration that old-world tales were true. The thing never occurred again, but I lived in the dread of it, not in daylight or in business—they have concerns enough to occupy a man,—but nobody ever remarked that I was changed or become singular, like the ghost-seers of old stories. My solitary hours by the fireside in long winter evenings, and my waking times by night, were rendered terrible by fears and fancies; unusual sounds startled me; I had a terror of looking into dark corners; and more than once I found my imagination playing me the trick of bringing back that fearful face when the candle burned low, or a moonbeam crept in at the window. I know it made me go out more into company and public amusements; and I believe I got the character of a gentleman to be looked after in the hotels I frequented, from the habit of keeping a light in my room all night.

"Well, years passed under that remembrance. I saw nothing more of the supernatural; but I knew what I had seen, and resolved to tell it to some thoughtful friend before I left this world. It is strange that nobody likes to carry a secret of any kind with him. I never went back to Mrs. Ram-

say's, though I always intended to take some opportunity of questioning her concerning the Southwells, if they had stopped at her house, and if the death had taken place there. But back to stop in it myself I could not go; and when business did lead me to Hamburg, I could find no excuse for catechizing the good woman. At last I heard she had given up business, and returned to her native Scotland; and as my travels were occasionally in that direction, I set about inquiring after her in Leith and Edinburgh, and soon found out that she had established herself in genteel privacy in one of the old-fashioned but handsome houses of Baxter's Place, Leith Walk. To call on the highly respectable widow, at whose house I had been made so comfortable, and received so many kindly attentions, and inquire after her health and welfare, would not be a remarkable movement. With that apology, I could enter into conversation, make my queries, and learn if any one else had shared in my experience of her back-room.

"The call was accordingly made. Mrs. Ramsay, though rather more gray and wrinkled, was still upright and active, and had all the shrewd sense and keen observation of her former days. She recognized me at once, seemed glad to see me, and we were soon seated together in her comfortable parlor. Of course, there was a preface of talk on general subjects—the state of the weather and of the times, and the doings, well or ill, of mutual acquaintances. At length, I drew the talk to her hotel in Hamburg. It had been a satisfactory speculation; she had realized a decent profit on the business, sold it advantageously, and retired, to spend the last of her days in peace and quietness. The house was a good one, Mrs. Ramsay averred, and would pay the person who had taken it from her; it was so well known to Scotch and English travellers. 'But, sir,' she continued, 'you never came back after that night you slept in the back-room—it will be seven years ago come Lammas. You saw something that disturbed you, sir, I am of opinion, though you did not mention it.'

"'Why did you think so?' said I.

"'Well, I'll just tell you, sir, as it is all over now, and I have often wished to get an opportunity of speaking to you in private on the point, as it is our duty to clear up dark and doubtful matters, if we can,' said Mrs. Ramsay. 'In one of the houses opposite

your window there was living at that time, and for many a year before, a very decent body from England. She had been a soldier's wife in her time; her husband had been servant to a gentleman called Captain Southwell all the fighting-time in Spain and Portugal. The soldier was dead, and she had married a German; he was mate of a ship trading between Hull and Hamburg, and she lived in that house because it was near the docks. Well, she was a decent body, as I said, only she liked a little drop strong at a time, and got plenty to spend on it in this way. Captain Southwell being out of the army, and on his travels, came to Hamburg, and left a boy in her care. I don't think he was the captain's son, but some relation. At any rate, they said he had always been a bit daft, and went out of the remains of his judgment when travelling with the captain. I don't know why the gentleman thought proper to leave him with my back-door neighbor. When the honest woman got a drop too much, she used to talk about the right she had to be well paid, and the service she did to Captain Southwell by keeping the boy. I never could get any explanation on the subject from her, sober or otherwise, and I had my own business to mind; but it is my opinion, that if they profited by the boarder in that house, they had a heavy handful of him. He was a great example of the crook in the lot, sir, being small and withered like all his days. There was no change that one could notice in him, boy or man. He was outwardly deformed, and inwardly astray; as active as a monkey, and far more mischievous; full of troublesome tricks; in the way of destroying things and frightening people. I judge you got a sight of him, sir. After you left our house, and I had done wondering what you found uncomfortable in it, a cousin of my neighbor's husband, the German mate, happened to sleep in your room, and he found out that the creature had a practice of getting out of a closet-window, which nobody thought of fastening, and then, down upon the stable-roof, for no purpose that could be guessed but to make fearful faces at any of my windows he chanced to find uncurtained after nightfall. I judged what had disturbed you then, sir, and meant to explain the matter on the first quiet opportunity; for my neighbors, poor bodies, were particular about keeping their charge very private. I suppose

it was a condition of their getting the business to do; the old woman said as much, and so did her daughter and son-in-law, who lived in the house, and helped her to manage the boy. I believe they did their duty honestly, and a hard duty it was. Master Southwell, as they called him, had been with them long before I came to the house, and outlasted the old woman who first got the charge of him; but it was the will of Providence to call him away, sir, the winter before I left Hamburg; so there is no harm in telling you the story, just to take off any false impressions that might be on your mind concerning my old house.'

"The story did take a false impression off my mind in good earnest. Mrs. Ramsay never knew the full extent of it. One would not like to own how much one had been frightened by the sight of what was no ghost after all. Had the explanation never come to my

ears, I should have believed in Lint Southwell's apparition to my dying day, and probably revealed the long-kept secret to some trusty friend, who would hand it down to posterity as a well-authenticated instance of ghost-seeing. The Southwells certainly managed their getting the estate in a clever and unique manner: it was probably easier and less expensive on the whole than a commission of lunacy against the luckless heir. Yet who could have imagined the like, and who, in my circumstances, would not have believed his own eyes, and been frightened accordingly. Believe me, that to see a young gentleman whose funeral you have attended, making faces at you about two o'clock in the morning, is a sight not to be forgotten. Long after the fact was explained, the fearful memory of it remained with me, and I have never since been able to sleep in a room with an open window.'

M.P.'S HAVING THEIR AIR WASHED.—"Ave yer Air washed, sir?" This at your barber's is a very common question; but it there has reference to the 'air of the 'ead and not the hair of the hatosphere. Some people might perhaps not think the latter could be washed, but that this is possible we learn from Mr. Cowper, First Commissioner of Works, who, in reply to Mr. Griffith, informed the House the other evening that—

"If the windows were opened the air admitted would be neither so cool nor so pure as that which they were at present breathing. . . . The air was admitted in a most natural and easy way into the chambers below the House. There it was washed in a stream of pure water, and means taken to get rid of many impurities which combined with the air. It travelled at the rate of about one foot a minute, and no doubt in cold weather it was warm, and in warm weather it was iced. (*Laughter.*) The object of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney was at all seasons and times to keep the temperature as near as possible at sixty-four degrees. On Friday evening the air outside the windows was at seventy-eight degrees, and in the House at sixty-five degrees. If the windows had been opened air would have been admitted thirteen degrees hotter than the air which they were breathing. (*Cheers.*)"

If the thought had occurred to him, Mr. Cowper might have parodied the poetry of his namesake:—

The air has been washed, just washed in the cellars,

And thus clean to the House is conveyed;

In the summer 'tis iced to cool hot-headed fellows,
And lukewarm in the winter 'tis made.

Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney is well worthy of the gold which is paid him by the Government, if he succeed in always giving our M.P.'s good wholesome air to breathe. When we think of all the ills that London atmosphere is air to; the ill smells from the gas-pipes and ill savors from the sewers; we may form some slight idea of the foul food our lungs feed upon, and the House must be the only one in town where the air is at all pure and really fit to put inside one's self.

Is air-washing, we wonder, an expensive operation? If not, it seems a pity that it is not more practised. Half-stified as we are at our ill-ventilated suffocating concert-rooms and theatres, what a blessing it would be if atmospheric washing-rooms were added to such places, and if audiences thus could have pure air to breathe! The idea of cleaning air is quite a novel notion to us: for about a thing like air we never should have dreamed of asking, Will it wash? We only trust that Mr. Gurney will not prove a second Guy Faux, and try to blow the House up with his air-works underneath it. If Parliament at all feels nervous about this, it had better appoint somebody to look into the cellars; and if ever that air question be brought before the House, it may be fitly observed by any M.P. fond of punning, that certainly the fittest man to see to that 'ere matter will be Professor Airey.—*Punch.*

From The Saturday Review.
GENIUS.

THOUGH the word "genius" is so commonly employed by us, it is very hard to give a definition, or even to form a clear conception, of its meaning. That it is something special, peculiar, and erratic is the common opinion. We contrast it with talent, as with a mental quality capable of development; whereas genius is considered a gift of heaven, spontaneous and perfect in itself. Again, we regard it as essentially original—as a power that creates, or at any rate throws new light on everything it touches; while talent is simply vigor of the intellect, intelligence, strong sense, receptive and practical ability. From this it follows that we concede the title of genius to men of inferior capacity for the ordinary purposes of life, if we find that they have a special faculty for some particular subject though we deny it to the iron wills and indefatigable brains that rule, compile, collect, and set in order the materials that they find around them. Taking this view of genius, it is not strange that men should have regarded it as something supernatural and divine, just as among the Eastern nations madness is reckoned mystically sacred, or as the more rare and rapid processes of nature have been from time immemorial referred to occult and miraculous agency. Thus, too, we can understand why genius should have been viewed with suspicion, as what the Scotch would call "uncanny," as something alien from the strong good common sense of ordinary men, and nearly allied to the vapors of madness. Indeed, there has been no lack of theorizers who call genius a form of madness, a morbid condition of the blood or nerves, thus reducing what all men reverence as the highest intellectual gift to a disease in our poor material organs. Others, without asserting so monstrous a paradox, would have genius to be a mystical power of the soul, carrying it beyond the realm of common understanding, and gifting it with insight into things unseen or prophecy of things to come. We have cited these opinions simply to show that the earliest indistinct idea of genius represents it as something unusual, erratic, and beyond the common laws of human intellect. In order to arrive at its more hidden meaning, various theories and definitions must be quoted, and first of all the word must be explained.

The word "genius" represents the Latin form of the theory common to so many nations, that every man, or indeed every real existence, has an attendant and regulative spirit. This spirit is looked upon as partly inherent in the being, partly separate from and external to it. It is what the Germans would call the idea of the thing, objectified and regarded as a distinct spiritual existence. When this theory is applied specially to men, the genius, or Greek *daimon*, or Jewish and Christian angel, becomes an intermediate agent between God and man, an executive of fate, a protector and overseer. This aspect of the notion is strong in the Platonic and early Christian schemes of life. But in the Roman genius more attention is paid to its subjective side. The genius is not so much an attendant spirit as the essence of each man's individual nature. It represents his abstract idiosyncrasy. Thus, the Horatian exhortation, *Indulge Genio*, means "follow your own bent;" and the use of the word corresponded to a somewhat antiquated use of our word "humor." *Every Man in his Humor* is the title of a well-known play of Ben Jonson, where individual peculiarities find their proper sphere. Moreover, the Roman genius was always reckoned a kindly and familiar being. He was that which all men cherish as dearest and most homely—their own self. Hence comes the meanings of "genial" and "congenial." The genial person is the social, kindly undisturbed being, at ease with his own self and with the world. Congenial subjects are those which we find suitable to our peculiar temper. Congenial minds are those which run in the same groove as ours. We see, then, that the first meaning of the word genius is that which lies at the root of the man, which is his essence, which distinguishes him from all the world. And in many uses of the word this meaning never leaves it. When we speak of the genius of a country or of a language, we mean that which constitutes it what it is—its rational idea, the law of its development and being. So, too, we say the genius of a man determines his choice and action; not meaning to attribute to him special and brilliant gifts, but only wishing to indicate that in each man there is a *self*—a something distinctive and his own.

So far the explanation of the word genius is easy. But in the complex state of language which the world has reached, few

words abide by so concrete a meaning. And the real difficulties of the word genius lie about its abstract use. Genius is recognized as a special quality. It is no longer the individual nature of men or things alone, but a phase of intellectual excellence different from all others, and recognizable only as such wherever it occurs. Though the difference between the concrete and abstract uses of the term is so wide, it may not be impossible to trace their connection. The humor of a man, if marked and powerful, soon makes itself perceived. And as the greater always absorbs or outshines the less, so, though every Caius and Balbus in Rome had theoretically each his genius, yet it was the genius of Cæsar that stood out pre-eminent. The genii of common men were too matter of fact and trivial to be talked about. And so, in time, the genius of remarkable natures drew to itself all interest and attention, and the abstract use of the word was confined to pre-eminent exhibitions of extraordinary power.

Having attempted to trace the history of the word, and to mark its two distinct shades of meaning, we may now notice some of the theories which have been formed respecting the nature of genius in the abstract sense, considered as a peculiar and rare phase of human intellect. The first and most popular definition of genius describes it as a special power for some special subject. This is clearly connected with the etymology of the word, but it is too vague to be of any use. Yet the germ of deeper theories lies within it; for it recognizes in genius a power, not acquired, nor capable of indifferent direction towards various subjects, but one which grows up spontaneously within a man, and from the beginning indicates its definite and inalienable nature. Thus a genius for painting, music, or mathematics, irresistibly drives its possessor to the study of the arts or sciences. On this point it may be remarked that one of the peculiar difficulties attending the treatment of genius exhibits itself. All men recognize the difference between true heaven-born power and what is called a "touch of genius," or cleverness, that never passes beyond facility into creative power. Patience and repression are the common touchstones in such cases, for it is believed that genius, no less than virtue, *sub pondere crescit*. If the natural propensity conquer all obstacles and shoot up beneath the pres-

sure of antagonistic forces, then it has a right to be considered genius—instinct, inexplicable, and irresistible. Another common definition of genius makes it synonymous with creation. Hazlitt says, "it is the first impulse of genius to create what never existed before." Thus the man of true genius is ever before his age, frequently unrecognized by his contemporaries, but often leading them and adding to their power or knowledge. In this sense, great inventions and discoveries, the explanation of the motions of the planets, the application of steam to locomotion, the recognition of new laws of growth in the world about us, are all proper spheres of genius. For nothing can be actually made afresh by man. All he can do in the province of science is to see more than had been seen before, in the realm of art to recompose and illuminate with new light. The subject of æsthetic creation involves great difficulty. Yet even here we recognize two kinds of imagination. The inferior is content with recombining and arranging, without producing a new world of thought or feeling. The higher imagination which we call genius uses, indeed, the materials of nature, but it does not merely recombine them—it gives to them a fresh and peculiar splendor reflected from the mind within. Thus, in one sense, it is creative; and its action is dynamical, whereas that of the lower imagination is simply mechanical. The inferior imagination is often mistaken for the higher kind. Thus a painter creates hideous monsters, and poetasters are familiar with spectres which they weave together out of the repertory of their sick dreams. But the true power draws life and interest from common things, makes men that move and speak like real mortals, and understands the springs of ordinary character. Among many interesting definitions of the artistic genius, none perhaps is more philosophical than that contained in the following line of Milton:—

Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce.

Even words are dead things until the reason comes, and by arranging them in order breathes into them the breath of life. Much more are the forms and colors and materials of the outer world inanimate and soulless atoms, before they have been subject to the plastic hand of genius. The faculty of recognizing, drawing forth, and refining the

intentions contained implicitly in Nature belongs to the true artist. And in this sense he stands as an interpreter between that reason which informs the universe and renders it intelligible, and the lower race of men who see with purblind eyes. Connected with this power is that by which men are able to express in living words the feelings or thoughts that remain crude and undigested to the majority of minds. Thus genius becomes the interpreter of God and of the world to man, and of man unto himself. It is a priesthood and a prophecy, and we wonder not that in old days the man of genius was called the seer, the priest, the vates, the hero. Hegel's theory of the embodiment of a nation's spirit in its great men is here attached to this definition of genius. For the creative penetration of the one formula becomes, in the other, the full development of reason in particular and rare instances. How far these thoughts extend we shall have to show hereafter. But now we must return to one more point involved in the definition of artistic power, which throws much light upon the nature of genius in general. There is a line in one of Michel Angelo's sonnets which contains an excellent description of genius for the plastic arts:—

“La man che ubbedisce all' intelletto.”

This corresponds with Sir Joshua Reynolds's definition, who made artistic power to be the faculty of conceiving a great whole and of executing it. The two terms are equally essential. Splendid visions may exist in the brain, deep feelings may shake the central heart; but genius, as we understand it, must not only see and feel, it must be able to interpret and express, to carry thought and feeling into the realm of concrete being, and make them living, real existences for other eyes and minds to contemplate and learn from. This is the meaning of its creative power.

In this analysis of genius we have somewhat run beyond three other definitions, which in their several degrees throw light upon its nature. Ruskin calls it the power of penetration into “the root and deep places of the subject.” Mill defines it the “gift of seeing truths at a greater depth than the world can penetrate, or of feeling deeply and justly things which the world has not yet learned to feel.” Both of these we consider

inadequate, because they do not dwell upon power of expression as an essential part of genius. For genius is an energy, to use the language of the schools, and not a simple latent faculty. Yet both are just in so far as they recognize the clear faculty of insight as indispensable to genius. The third definition worthy of quotation is that of Flourens, the French physician. Contending against the common paradox that genius is madness, he describes it as the highest development of reason in a man, the fullest power of comprehension, and the most keen and healthy working of his faculties. Thus the man of genius need not be possessed of sickly nerves and diseased blood, though these often impede his clearer vision. On the contrary, he must, *quà* man of genius, be in healthy correspondence with the world around him, feel its workings, see into its secrets, understand its laws.

We have now some data whereon to build a comprehensive theory of the nature of genius. It is no longer, as we have seen, a wandering will-o'-the-wisp, coming no whence and aiming no whither; but it is in its essence the strongest and highest gift of reason. And it shows itself, not in eccentric impulses toward the unknown, nor in mystical illuminations from above, but in a clearer and more steady comprehension of things as they are. This comprehension, however, it must always be remembered, is immediate and automatic in the case of true genius. This reservation is necessary, for if we include in the term all patient and conscious efforts after truth, we lose at once its special meaning. Everything in nature is miracle, and the works of genius, though they appear miracles, are no more than profound intuitions into nature. We call them supernatural and inexplicable, because we do not understand the process by which they have been arrived at. Nor, in fact, does the man of genius himself always understand it. He sees and feels, and speaks out what he feels. And when in ruder ages men around him called him God-inspired and Prophet, he did not deny the title, but believed in spiritual revelations, putting the faculty of clear insight which he had within his soul outside himself, and transferring his reverence for self into a veneration for a higher power. Thus the most general definition of genius will describe it as the power of a highly developed reason to see into things.

a faculty of intuition beyond the ordinary range of human sight; or, to use a converse image, the power of reflecting the truth and real idea of things upon a less distorted surface than the mind of common men presents.

But since the functions of our reason are very various, and the whole of it is seldom equally developed in one individual, we find that genius assumes many different forms. That power of intuition which we have generally described is specially confined, in certain instances, to some particular branch of intellectual activity. The mathematical genius sees deeper than most men into the relations of things when viewed under the abstraction of numbers or of lines. The metaphysical genius has full power over ideas, and views the world from this one aspect. The analogical genius, which plays so high a part in poetry, has the faculty of comparison developed to an extraordinary degree, so that it perceives the deep-seated points of resemblance which unite ideas and things. The synthetical genius detects hidden bonds of union; the analytical observes the joints at which division may be safely made. The genius for religion penetrates at once into the wants of man, and understands his relation to God; but its province is so vast and all important that men have generally given it a higher name. Nor is there any sphere of observation too minute for genius. Leigh Hunt, for instance, deserves that title as a poet because he felt more deeply, and spoke out more clearly than most men, the tenderness that

dwells in grass and trees and fields. These illustrations might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. In a word, true genius sees what none has seen before, and by the strength of reason apprehends it with so firm a grasp that it can readily express it through one of the many media of communication between man and man. For if the idea is fully seen, it cannot fail to be expressed. Only incomplete visions and vague sensations are incapable of utterance. Of course, if we adopt this view of genius, we deny that it can be *created* in man, but we assert that it can be trained and augmented to an almost indefinite extent. And this is specially the case with the mechanical facility of expression which we reckoned necessary to complete genius. That must first exist in a rudimentary state. A man can never be an artist, unless he is drawn like Giotto to the chalk, or like Handel to the spinnet, in the face of all difficulties; nor a poet, unless he has command of language. But study quickens hand and eye, and increases the vocabulary. The double nature of genius, its conceptive and its representative faculty, is always to be recognized, but we see it most clearly in the art of painting. There, a distinct physical organization is absolutely requisite for the full production of the inner thought. As in all other matters so here, art is an index to the laws which govern man; and no one who cannot express, or learn to express, a thought or feeling deeper than that of other men has a right to consider himself a genius.

MR. MAVERHOFFER, in Vienna, the inventor of various electro-magnetic apparatuses, has lately laid before the committee of the Austrian parliament a new "voting-machine." Every member has two buttons before his seat—one black (No,) the other white (Yes)—which, by being slightly touched, produce a corresponding ball on two tables (white and black) at each side of the Speaker, visible both to him and to the whole House. One glance is thus sufficient to show at once to the Speaker, as well as to every member in every part of the House, whether the Ayes or Noes have it. We hear that the committee have reported favorably upon the invention, and that there is every likelihood of its soon superseding the old-fashioned and most inconvenient system of counting.—*Reader*.

MESSRS. WEIDMANN of Leipzig will publish during the autumn the first half of the second volume of Mætzner's English Grammar, containing Syntax; the first half of the second volume of Leo Meyer's "Vergleichende Grammatik der Griechischen und Lateinischen Sprache;" and the second part of the second volume of Classen's edition of Thucydides.

THE fourteenth and fifteenth volumes of Brockhaus's "Coleccion de Autores Espanoles" contain the works of Juan Eugenio Harzenbusch, edited by the author himself.

From Chambers's Journal.

HIGHLAND ROADS AND HIGHLAND CANALS.

'WHO'LL buy a canal? Who'll make a bidding for this splendid work of engineering? Who'll have it *for nothing*, and our thanks into the bargain?' The Government virtually proclaim this to all the Queen's subjects in reference to the Caledonian Canal, which has been a millstone round the necks of Mr. Gladstone and other finance ministers year after year.

Many are not aware that the nation supplies something every year for maintaining certain roads, bridges, and canals in the northern half of our island. It is a matter worth a little attending to; for this appropriation of public money to the roads and bridges, if not to the canals, has proved to be a useful exception to a general rule. We are, most of us, arriving gradually at a recognition of the maxim, that in a country like ours, it is well to leave industrial and commercial matters as much as possible to the initiation of private traders and joint-stock companies, and not to intrust them to the government. Roads, railways, and canals come under this category. At the same time, there may be reasons why the state should lend a helping-hand occasionally, when there is not available local capital, and when the public spirit of the time is not up to the necessary level. Such was decidedly the case in the northern half of Scotland at the early part of the present century. Those great civilizers, *roads*, were sadly deficient. Before the power of the Stuarts was broken in 1745, the chiefs of the clans had their fastnesses and strongholds among the hills, so placed that regular military forces could scarcely get access to them; and this was one cause for the long continuance of the struggle. This had been found especially the case in the time of the first Pretender, in 1715. General Wade, reporting to the king on this subject a few years afterwards, said: "I presume to observe to your majesty the great disadvantage which regular troops are under, when they engage with those who inhabit mountainous situations. The Highlands in Scotland are almost impenetrable from the want of roads and bridges, and from the excessive rains that almost continually fall in those parts; which, by nature and constant use, becomes habitual to the natives, but very difficult

supported by the regular troops; they are unacquainted with the passages by which the mountains are traversed, exposed to frequent ambuscades, and shot from the tops of the hills, which they return without effect." This information, the result of hard experience derived in 1715, determined the Government to stir in the matter; they resolved to employ General Wade and his soldiers in making roads in the Highlands. As they were made by military men, and chiefly for military purposes, these new roads became known as military roads. That which was begun by General Wade was continued by other officers, at intervals for more than half a century; until at length the military roads of the Highlands extended from Stirling across the Grampians to Inverness; from Inverness along what is now the margin of the Caledonian Canal, to Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William; and in other parts—until, by 1785, they extended seven hundred and eighty-eight miles, with ten hundred and eleven bridges over the streams. So much of this system of roads as was finished by 1745, greatly aided in suppressing the rebellion of that year.

There was an old epigram in vogue at the end of the last century:—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade!"

The apparent Hibernicism was forgiven on account of the usefulness of the roads; for that which gave a passage to troops at first, was also found available for peaceful traders. The soldiers, separated into small parties, made the roads and built the bridges, receiving a small increase of pay while so employed; they worked under the direction of a master-mason and an overseer, both amenable to military authority. The roads were nearly straight, ascending and descending hills at inclines that would astonish modern road-makers. A satirical critic of the general's doings said that he "formed the heroic determination of pursuing straight lines, and of defying nature and wheel-carriages both, at one vallant effort of courage and science. Up and down, up and down, as the old catch says, it is like sailing in the Bay of Biscay. No sooner up than down, no sooner down than up. No sooner has a horse got into his pace again than he is called on to stop;

no sooner is he out of wind than he must begin to trot or gallop; and then the trap at the bottom that receives the wheels at full speed!"

However, those military roads did much good to Scotland—not only of themselves, but also by giving rise to those "Highland Roads and Bridges" which to this day take a little money out of the national exchequer annually. The old military roads, in many places, were kept in occasional repair at the expense of the counties; but early in the present century it was felt that some of them were too steep and too narrow for general traffic, and that others were needed in districts hitherto wholly unprovided. A commission for "Highland Roads and Bridges" was issued, to remedy these defects by degrees. The work was to be paid for in the following way: one-fourth of the expense was defrayed out of the national exchequer, and the other three-fourths assessed on the proprietors of land in the Highland counties. There was another arrangement afterwards introduced, to the effect that the county gentry and authorities might relieve the commissioners of any further liability, and take the tolls of the roads to repay the cost of maintenance. During no less than fifty-eight consecutive years have these commissioners annually reported what they have been doing, and at what cost. Scotland has most unquestionably benefited by the system. Roads have been opened through districts before unprovided with them; agricultural produce has been brought to market in largely augmented quantities; quarries and mines have been developed; and facilities for personal travelling introduced. Let us not make the mistake of supposing that because railways are gradually superseding many of these roads, the roads themselves were not wanted. The population and traffic which the roads created, rendered railways probable and profitable; and thus the roads were the true precursors of the railways. Generally speaking, the annual reports of the commissioners contain some such sentence as this: "The commissioners have much satisfaction in reporting, that notwithstanding much wet weather in the Highlands, the roads under their charge have not suffered many casualties. The roads have been maintained throughout in a perfect state of repair." The demands on the public purse for these purposes in recent years have varied

from £4,000 to £5,000 per annum: this being the amount of the imperial present made to the Highlands for the maintenance of the excellent roads in the ten northern counties of Aberdeen, Argyle, Banff, Bute, Caithness, Inverness, Moray, Nairn, Ross, and Sutherland. There are nearly a thousand miles of road, and more than a thousand bridges. The counties, as we have said, pay the remainder of the cost.

There is a good deal of public spirit shown in some of the counties which were at one time very poor. In Caithness, for instance, almost up as far north as the bleak Orkneys, the heritors, in 1829 and subsequent years, raised and spent no less than £40,000 in making much-needed roads and bridges; these they handed over to the commissioners in 1838, to be managed by them for twenty-one years, on certain terms; the tolls have since that time almost wholly obliterated the debt; and now the commissioners are able to give the roads back again to the county in a capital state, easily to be kept in repair out of the forthcoming tolls. There is really very little "red-tape" in all this. A small annual expenditure on the part of the Government has been the means of developing the industrial resources of Scotland in a very useful way. Whether the railways now forming will lessen the tolls along the chief roads so seriously as to touch the coffers of the commissioners, or whether they will be the means of developing new traffic on the branch-roads, remains to be seen. At any rate, we cannot look upon the Government money spent on Highland roads, from the days of General Wade to the present time, otherwise than as a profitable *national* investment.

But how about the poor Caledonian Canal—are we to pay *this* also the compliment of saying that it represents a certain sum of money well laid out? Scarcely. We can only say that the motive was a good one, and that the constructors believed the canal would confer a lasting benefit on Scotland. There were many temptations to cut a canal through that region. In the first place, there is a depression running right across Scotland from north-east to south-west, called the "Great Glen," of so remarkable a character, that it seems like a hint from nature to make a canal there. The Glen comprises Beaulieu Firth, Loch Ness, Loch Oich, Loch Lochy, Loch Eil

and Loch Linnhe; together with certain rivers which convey the waters of some of these lakes to the German Ocean or North Sea, and others to the Atlantic. It was a very tempting spot for such an enterprise. All the maritime trade from the east to the west coast of Scotland had to be carried round by the stormy coasts of Pentland and the Hebrides, consuming many days of time, and subjecting the vessels and crews to imminent danger of shipwreck. Towards the end of the period when the military roads were under construction, the Government reasoned in some such way as this: "These lochs and depressions in the Great Glen will facilitate the cutting of a canal from sea to sea; the Highland counties are too poor to do it; but if we do it, the tolls on the ships passing through the canal—either in going from sea to sea, or in the development of local traffic—may probably pay interest on the capital spent in making the canal, besides maintaining the annual repairs, and may even possibly pay off in time the capital itself." James Watt surveyed the Glen for the Government, and many other engineers were struck with the feasibility of the undertaking; but it was not until 1803 that the canal was actually commenced under Mr. Telford; and no less than twenty years elapsed before a ship went through it from end to end.

It is very easy to be wise after the event, and to say that the Government ought not to have done this. If the Government could have foreseen that nearly a million and a half sterling of public money would thus have been licked up, and that after all the Scotch shippers would care very little about the canal, of course they would not have made it; but ministers and parliaments must buy wisdom like other folks. A great work it certainly is, in an engineering point of view. Beginning at the Beaully Firth, near Inverness, the Caledonian Canal is cut through seven miles of solid rock to Loch Ness, which is itself twenty-four miles long; then six miles of canal leads to Loch Oich, which is three and a quarter miles long; then two miles to Loch Lochy, which is ten miles long; then eight miles of canal to Loch Eil, which opens out into the western sea. There are thus four canals, twenty-three miles in length altogether, connecting five firths and lochs, having a length of about thirty-seven miles—or sixty miles from sea to sea. And all these

nine portions are almost mathematically in a straight line. The lochs themselves were naturally very deep, but the short connecting canals involved great labor; for they are one hundred and twenty feet broad at the surface, fifty feet broad at the bottom, and seventeen feet deep—large enough to admit ships of considerable size. As the surface of the water at Loch Oich was found to be ninety-four feet above the sea-level, two vast series of locks were required, to ascend to the summit-level from the one end, and to descend to the other. These locks, no less than twenty-eight in number, are very large engineering constructions, each being about one hundred and seventy-five feet long, forty wide, and has a water-lift of eight feet. Eight of them are quite close together, and form a series known as "Neptune's Staircase." Many powerful mountain-streams are carried wholly under the canal, by well-constructed culverts.

Such is the Caledonian Canal. It has been a most unfortunate speculation, in a commercial point of view. Just sixty years ago, it was begun, and in those sixty years Parliament has spent nearly £1,300,000 upon it, besides the £100,000 which have been received in tolls. So far from paying the cost, it does not pay the interest on the cost; so far from paying the interest, it does not even pay the annual working-expenses. The state would now actually be the richer if some one would take the whole canal and its works as a present. The shippers and captains of vessels have never made much use of it. Various modes of explaining the fact have been adopted; but a fact it certainly is. There are no towns of any note on the mid-route; insomuch that almost the only traffic to be expected is through-traffic from sea to sea. Now, taking one day with another, during the last few years, there have only been four vessels a day passing through or even into the canal; and the tolls which shippers are willing to pay on these four vessels are not sufficient even to defray the ordinary repairs and expenses. When, as in the winter of 1848-49, great floods injure the canal, and call for an additional expenditure of many thousand pounds, the balance of the account is, of course, still more unfavorable. The House of Commons often gets restive on this matter. A committee seriously recommended the transfer of the canal to some other authority, if any one would take it; but nobody will, for

nobody can see the way to make it "pay." Every year the commissioners have to come to the nation's strong-box, because the tolls do not recoup the working expenses; the loss, it is true, is not much, but still there is a loss.

In order to expedite the traffic, steam-tugs have been introduced; but the poor canal does not afford a return for even this modern improvement. Powerful steamers are now establishing a trade on the seaboard, and railways are gradually entering the Highlands; so that the canal is beset by two formidable opponents not contemplated when it was first planned. And yet, with all this, it will not do actually to abandon the canal, seeing that any neglect might lead to overflowing that would devastate neighboring lands; insomuch that we are somewhat in the predicament of the Irish soldier who told his officer that he had "caught a Tartar."

The 58th Report of the Commissioners, just made public (July 1863), tells us that the canal had a slight increase of good-fortune in the year 1862-63; inasmuch as the receipts exceeded the working expenses by a small sum. About 1836 passages of vessels were made through, or partially through, the canal, giving an average of five per day; these vessels paid £7,000 in tolls, which was a few hundred pounds more than the commissioners paid for repairs and wages—leaving the commissioners' own remuneration and expenses, and the interest on the cost, to be borne as usual by the nation.

There is another Highland canal, too, the *Crinan*, that belongs to the nation. This canal is very short, but it cuts off an immense distance in sailing or steaming from Glasgow to Oban and Port William: seeing that it goes across the isthmus that connects the elongated peninsula of Cantire or Kintyre with the mainland. It is only nine miles in length, beginning at Loch Gilp, and ending at Loch Crinan. It is on a very much smaller scale than the Caledonian Canal, being twenty-four feet wide, and twelve deep, and having fifteen locks. The canal has been in existence half a century and more. In 1848, it was placed under the same commissioners as the Caledonian, with (to use the big words of the act of Parliament) "all its harbors, basins, reservoirs, aqueducts, feeders, water-tanks, fens, dams, embankments, weirs, locks, sluices, cul-

verts, drains, soughs, tunnels, arches, piers, bridges, banks, fences, ways, roads, towing-paths, landing-places, docks, quays, wharfs, houses, warehouses, toolhouses, buildings, cranes, weighing-machines, works and appliances." The canal fell into trouble in 1859, and the public purse had to get it out of trouble again. A sad accident befell it. The canal is fed by three great embanked reservoirs, which collect the rains and springs from a large area of mountain district. The uppermost of these, Loch Camlock, covering forty acres, and eight hundred feet above the sea-level, burst its boundaries on the 2d of February in that year, after a long series of heavy rains. Down rushed the water, burst in the banks of the second reservoir, rushed on again, and did the same to the third or lowest. "The contents of all these," said the resident engineer, "were discharged in common down the narrow valley or rocky ravine along which the summit-level of the canal was fed. In the course of their violent descent an immense mass of stone and earth, with some brushwood, was dislodged from the precipitous slopes on either side, and carried down by the water, so as to occasion their deposit on the summit-level of the canal. Not only was the channel of the canal filled right across for a considerable space in length, but the accumulated mass at the principal point rose much above it." What was to be done? The commissioners spent a small sum in clearing away the rubbish so far as to prevent further mischief; but John Bull was solicited to come to the rescue for anything further. "How much?" he asked. "Eighty thousand pounds to make a really good job of it," said Mr. James Walker. "Can't afford the money," said John; "do the best you can with ten or twelve thousand." And the best *has* been done. The Crinan Canal has been restored, and is a useful though not profitable work. Less valuable to the nation than the Highland roads, it is more so (in relation to its cost) than the Caledonian Canal.

The 58th Report of the Commissioners, above adverted to, shows that in the year 1862-63 the Crinan Canal spent £3,277 in earning £3,780—thus just keeping itself out of difficulties. About 2,260 passages were made by steamers and sailing vessels through the canal.

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MR. FORSTER ON THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at Leeds is one of the ablest, and will be one of the most effective yet uttered upon the American war. It is an effort, and a successful one, to justify the conviction entertained by enthusiasts by the arguments which appeal to statesmen who are without enthusiasm. No Northerner could desire to see his cause more loftily described than as "the struggle whether upon the continent of America the principle of slavery or the principle of freedom shall predominate;" no statesman will question that this, in the most restricted as well as the broadest sense, is a definite practical end. Anti-slavery feeling may be, as it is the fashion to say, a "vague fanaticism," though it be one which for eight hundred years has in one form or another inspired all English effort; but "the predominance of freedom over a continent" is as definite a cause as that of "order," or "constitutional government," or "religious liberty," or any one of the hundred "cries" for which Englishmen have spent their lives, far more definite than that "balance of power" for which we are always fighting, or that "theory of nationalities" for which everybody seems always ready to fight. And that this is the cause for which, consciously or unconsciously, Northerners fight, their bitterest opponents do not affect to deny. The North may be honest or dishonest in the matter of abolition, may be willing to admit blacks to citizenship as Massachusetts has done, or to reenslave freemen as Ohio could, perhaps, be induced to do, without affecting this issue one jot. If the South wins the game, as it originally intended to win it,—realizes, that is, the dream which in its evil magnitude imparts to Mr. Davis's broad intellect something of the enthusiast's depth, slavery will be the predominant power upon the North American continent. If the North wins the game, whether her stake be empire, or a boundary settled by herself, or only a treaty of which she arranges the terms, slavery will not be so predominant. No possible ingenuity of argument can evade that issue, and if that issue be not a practical one, what do politics mean, what is the sense or object of this conflict between the despotic, aristocratic, and democratic principles on which the world, from the day when the Thirty were expelled Athens, has wasted so much of its vital force? We fought through a civil war rather than submit permanently to the despotic principle; France desolated half her provinces, covered her cities with blood, and broke forever with the past to be rid of the aristocratic one, both

have repeatedly fought to repress the propagandist democracy known as the "Revolution," and what are all these causes, even in their direct political bearing, compared with that of freedom when openly pitted against the "sacred right" of slavery? It is nonsense to talk of slavery as if it affected only slaves. It effects also freemen, and means for them either perpetual political submission to a caste, or the perpetual fear of attacks directed with subtle skill, and supported with dauntless courage against the foundations of free society. Who in England blames Cavaignac for declaring open war on men who marched on the Tuileries to overturn existing social order. Yet no dream which French workmen ever entertained, no theory Proudhon ever elaborated, would be so fatal to modern society as its surrender to men who declare its first principle—cynics say its only one—utterly false and bad. If Europe has a right to intervene for Poland—and it is only the expediency of intervention which is ever questioned—that right is based on the broader right of resisting acts fatal to civilization, and that, and infinitely more, is the justification of the North. Apart altogether from humanity, aside altogether from the internal dispute, beyond the right of self-preservation inherent in every organism, there stands the grand political question "whether upon the continent of America the principle of freedom or the principle of slavery shall predominate." Has a great war since the world began ever had greater issue? Of course there is one argument to which all this is no answer. There are honest but narrow men who hold that our supreme principle is obedience to the commands of Christ, and that Christ commanded submission to every evil strong enough to assert its strength in arms, and their faith may have its reward. But then their principle is the very one which those who denounce the North in the same breath deny, for they warmly praise the South for resisting in arms the chain which, as they say, pressed on the Southern States. To rid Englishmen of this fallacy, that the Northern war is causeless, is half to open their eyes, and in this work Mr. Forster's speech will be a most powerful aid. His view once admitted,—and it is urged with a logical brevity laughably at variance with the popular view of the member for Bradford's enthusiasm,—there will be no further danger of any misdirection of the national strength, or any serious error in the direction of the national sympathies. The governing class may still acknowledge, as we do, that brain and vigor and coherent organization are all on the Southern side; may still regret, as we do, the idolatry of an unworkable constitution; may still resent, as we do, the ready resort to menace.

against a country whose only fault is to have given no cause of offence. As between the North and ourselves, their views may remain unchanged, but as between the North and South discussion must come to an end. There is not a Tory in England, except, perhaps, Mr. Beresford Hope, who, once convinced that the issue is as Mr. Forster has stated it, will not abstain from crippling the side through which the "principle of freedom on the whole continent of America is to be made predominant."

But, say the advocates of the South, political freedom is *not* involved in the struggle, for political freedom can exist even though domestic slavery continue. Were not the Athenians free, though Cleon would have disdained to interfere for slaves, or the early Romans, though slavery was aggravated by equality of race between the slaves and their lords? A reply could scarcely be shorter or more perfect than that which Mr. Forster has given. Slavery in modern times cannot co-exist with political freedom: "If men would learn the very alphabet of freedom they would see that wherever there is domestic slavery, wherever the first political right—a right even above and beyond all politics—the right of man to the disposal of his own body and the government of his own soul, where that is denied by the law, political liberty is not safe. If it be possessed by the master class, that class cannot keep it in safety, and the very words 'political liberty' are a farce and a delusion. History proves that it was because the old republicans of Rome allowed themselves to be corrupted into domestic slavery that the master class lost their own liberty, and we find that in the South, where the slaveholder had power—to use Mr. Carlyle's expression—to hire their negro fellow-countrymen for life—not merely hiring their labor, but hiring the chastity of the women and the souls and brains of the men—that is, to do what they would with that honor, mind, brain, and soul—when they did that to one class they at the same time deprived their white fellow-citizens of the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, and almost of the freedom of thought." No man, whatever his character, *can* in a slave state be permitted to attack slavery, or to denounce cruelty, or to teach the slaves; for if he is, there will as surely be insurrection as there will be fire if oil is touched by flame. Self-preservation forbids the admission of free discussion, or free education, or free speech, or free parliamentary debate, or even free locomotion, or free internal trade—neither liquor, nor arms, nor books, nor newspapers, nor good clothes, can possibly be sold to slaves,—and yet without these rights freedom is a mere phrase. Indeed, *nominally* free institutions are very nearly impossible, for the own-

ers *must* be politically masters, or their institution will be upset by the majority, who, not being owners, will, sooner or later, resent the competition of unpaid labor. It matters nothing whether the Slave States are part of the free community, or occupy only its border line. The owners *must* attack freedom and conquer it, or see their institution slowly perish. They must demand and secure by conquest a fugitive slave law from their allies, and so deprive them of the right of asylum, or see their property deprived of half its value. They must prohibit free communication or abolitionists may settle among them, and attack the foundation of their society. They must prohibit free contact, or the opinions they dread will spread among them as fast as water filters through sand. They must, in fact, by the necessity of their position, be able to enforce their own will on their neighbors in all emergencies, and as the emergencies increase in gravity from the increasing number of their people, the increased infusion of white blood in the slaves, and the increased spread of a hunger for freedom, they must make this coercion yearly more onerous and searching and permanent.

The free community must, in fact, live under a permanent danger—a danger infinitely greater than we, for instance, should suffer were France mistress of the Continent, or America mistress of the seas. Yet who blames our statesmen for averting movements which may, even in the far future, lead to those results, at any cost in treasure, or energy, or human lives? We fought the Crimean campaign to avert a danger which, was, at least, a generation distant, and which, when it arrived, would have been less than the one which the North would have to encounter at once. If a State can have a right to provide for its own security in the future as well as the present, to maintain its own creed, its own laws, its own social life, without interference from without, then the North had a right to prevent, if necessary by arms, the formation of a great slave empire along its own border line.

It is this, and not the philanthropic question, which the governing classes of Great Britain have so steadily refused to see, and this which our public speakers have in so many instances failed to bring before them. Mr. Forster has supplied the deficiency, and while acknowledging, as all but fanatics must, the valor and conduct of the South, while expressing a just conviction that "it is very difficult for men, even in a bad cause, to submit to the sacrifices and self-denial which many men in the South have undergone, without coming out of it purified and better than when they went in," he still expresses his faith that out of all the horrors and the

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NAPOLEON IN POLAND.

bloodshed and the misery the world will emerge with "this compensation, that on the continent of America,"—which is as much part of the domain of civilization as if it touched the Mediterranean,—“the power and principles of freedom will rule, and not the power and principles of slavery.” And as the corollary to this great lesson, he urges upon the nation a fair and just estimate of the mighty struggle they now witness with such impatience. The member for Bradford does not, of course, endorse the unreasonable complaints in which the American press indulge, for he does not belong to the school which prefers America to England, and is disposed, like most Englishmen, to meet menace with a very clear defiance. He does not forget either, as it suits Mr. Charles Sumner to do, that, on the whole, the English masses have been on the Northern side, and have endured suffering caused by Northern blockades because freedom was at stake; that the Government has been throughout studiously patient and fair; that even the governing class, when called upon for action, shrank from aiding the men they liked at the cost of the principle they had always maintained. But he calls upon the nation not to forget the magnitude of the issues at stake, and, remembering them, to forgive a natural though unreasonable irritation, and support their Government in a just interpretation of international law. That just interpretation will, the speaker believes, prohibit the despatch of more *Alabama*s. For, and the point is a new as well as a striking one, there is this marked difference between selling arms to a belligerent and selling ships of war: The arms are useless till they arrive, and the power which professes to blockade lets them in by its own defect of vigilance and power. But men-of-war can be used before they arrive, and there is no way of stopping them, except by war on the selling nation. If, therefore, the Enlistment Act were passed to avoid causes of war, it must cover, or be so improved that it can be made to cover, acts which can only be checked by the war that measure was passed to prevent. The British Government has accepted the responsibility, and the country has now to support them in their decision, or clearly resolve that they do not wish “the principle of freedom to predominate on the continent of America.” There is no escape from the issue, and, so stated, there cannot be a doubt of the ultimate decision; but it would come all the sooner if Liberal members would argue out the question with as great a preference for England, and as little fear of social clamor, as the member for Bradford displayed before the people of Leeds.

WEARILY, though without despair, we once more call the attention of our readers to that strange series of battles, manifestoes, intrigues, diplomatic struggles, and political failures which is called shortly “the Polish affair.” Events have occurred during the week, some of which may prove of importance, and all of which, tending as they do to a single definite end, deserve something more than a passing comment. For the past six months this journal, which on American affairs has the ill fortune to find itself wholly opposed to the sympathies of the class to whom it appeals, has on the Polish question been as widely at variance with that class’s conviction. The educated million, wishing always the independence of Poland, believe that it cannot be secured without intervention, and that intervention is hopeless. We believe, on the contrary, that apart from contingencies like the death of Lord Palmerston or the Emperor of the French, intervention is, to say no more, the most probable of many improbabilities. In spite of the growing lassitude of the English public mind, of the dispersion of the half-dozen men who really govern Europe in search of recreation, of the slow but visible decline in the military power of the rebellion—a decline confirmed by pronounced Liberals who have quitted Warsaw within the week—and of the advanced season, that opinion still seems to us the only one which thoughtful men are justified in accepting. It is based on two leading ideas—that Russia prefers battle to any concession in the matter, and that Louis Napoleon will accept battle rather than a final diplomatic defeat on a subject which his people, partly from noble and partly from selfish motives, have taken so deeply to heart. The events of the week, whatever their ultimate meaning, at least tend in a high degree to confirm both those impressions.

The Russian answers to the three powers have been published at length, and amount in the aggregate to a polite refusal to tolerate further discussion. Curt to the last degree, and full of the formal suavity one sees in its full perfection only in a lawyer’s letter, they are to the full as menacing as the most truculent American despatch or the haughtiest English ultimatum. Prince Gortschakoff plays to all the part of Medea, and insists on cutting up the living body before applying the elixir of youth. Pacification, he says, must precede the concession of the intended reforms. In other words, the czar intends to subjugate Poland utterly before he discusses treaties, and, as *Le Nord* triumphantly boasts, he has withdrawn his brother as representa-

time of those clement ideas which are but "illusions," and which it is necessary "to terminate by a vigorous military action, which may re-assure the peaceable population, and re-establish in the country order, safety, and calm." A nation is to be put to death, and then the executioner will discuss, if it be his pleasure, the justice of the sentence and the dignified mercy of the judge. This is addressed to all Europe, but to France Prince Gortschakoff adds something more. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in language which, when a Bonaparte utters it, has force, had claimed for France full liberty, and left to Russia the responsibility of her actions. Prince Gortschakoff calmly accepts the covert menace, and in language which, if full of arrogance, is not devoid of dignity, throws it back upon France. "Toleration of the plans of the Revolution," says the Russian minister, "is only to be feared from those powers which may be determined to pursue, under an appearance of diplomatic action within the limits of international engagements, the realization of the most extreme desires of the Polish Revolution and the subversion of the European equilibrium."

The notion of equilibrium is explained by a memorandum in which Prince Gortschakoff re-asserts that Russia in 1812 held Poland by right of conquest, and that the treaties of 1815 could give to the western powers no right of interference in her internal affairs. In short, 1815 notwithstanding, the kingdom of Poland is an integral part of Russia, and as much beyond external criticism as the courts of justice in Moscow or the administration of the mines in Siberia. Language like this would never have been employed had not the Russian Government finally made up its mind. Apparent concessions are so easy and great states so placable, when placability will avoid war, that Prince Gortschakoff under other circumstances would, at least, have argued. He now only announces that argument is at an end. It is with the same resolution that the Government, with its finances still in disorder, hurries on works which defend nobody against the Poles, but will protect the coast against any sudden descent, and that the czar has sanctioned an extraordinary innovation. Under any menace from France, the weak point of Russia is not so much Warsaw as Finland, for France must always seek to use Sweden as her base, and Finland is and must be the Bernadotte's price. Were the province certainly loyal, a descent made even by a power like France might not be a very formidable affair; but there is discontent in Finland. The Finns regret the old connection, the freedom and cheerful life which they see across the Baltic, their old rights of

self-government, and their exemption from exceptional or heavy taxation. It is necessary to soothe them, and accordingly the czar, whose family for forty-five years have broken all the stipulations framed when the Grand Duchy was ceded to protect the Finns, has suddenly bethought himself of the historic rights of the province. He has called together the Diet, and on the 18th inst., he opened it in person, in a speech which reads in parts like that of a constitutional monarch. The Estates, of course, are invested with no power whatever, as the initiative and the veto are both reserved to the sovereign, and loans will continue to be raised without sanction should "an unexpected invasion of the enemy, or any other unlooked-for misfortune," make more money necessary. But still the Diet is assembled, and if it is "very dignified, very moderate, and very calm in discussion," if, in short, it obeys orders, why that pleasing course of conduct "will furnish a new motive for re-assembling it" three years hence. For, says the czar, with that grandly impressive vagueness which the despots of Europe have caught from the one competent man among them, under such circumstances, "liberal institutions, so far from being a danger, become guarantees of order and prosperity." The Diet is not a Parliament evidently, and its acts will probably be confined to a new vote of taxes; but words like these do not chill the aspirations of the few who aspire, and the meeting of notables with some right of speech however restricted, some claim however theoretical to refuse their sovereign's requests, would never have been sanctioned by the Government had not the external danger been extreme. Conciliation is so opposed to the first principles of the Russian régime, a Diet of any sort at Helsingfors establishes so impressive a precedent for Moscow, that they are of themselves sufficient proof that the Government anticipates dangers which mere force may not be sufficient to repel. Those dangers are clearly intimated in the allusion to the contingencies under which loans will be raised for Finland without asking Finnish consent.

That those dangers are real seems evident from the events of the week in France. It is not in French nature to sit down calmly under a defeat so complete as that which Prince Gortschakoff has inflicted. It was, therefore, at first announced that M. Drouyn de Lhuys would reply in a note having the force of an ultimatum. The spring, however, is still distant, French armies cannot move over ice, and the cool brain which rules France has devised *ad interim* a much more effectual reply. The National Government has just published and circulated a despatch

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intended to express its own views on the diplomatic situation. In this document, worded with careful attention to the pride and the prejudices of the West, the National Government defends its policy, asks, with a dignity strangely impressive when manifested by an unknown body, for foreign aid and sympathy, subjects the Russian despatches to a merciless criticism, denounces the war declared by Russia on social order in Poland, and hints most unmistakably that by Poland it means Poland before the partition. That document was on Monday republished in *extenso* on the first page of the *Moniteur*, in the largest type which that journal ever employs. We do not desire to exaggerate the importance of this incident, pregnant as it will appear both in Warsaw and St. Petersburg, but, explain it how we may, it can have but one general meaning. The Emperor of the French is irritated out of the ordinary international courtesy by the final Russian reply, is not unwilling to give Poland new hope, and does not fear to add fuel to the excitement already prevailing in France, by an act for which there is but one very memorable precedent. That one is the republication, in a precisely similar fashion, of Orsini's will—an act which warned the Austrian court that the hour of negotiations was nearly over. The republication may mean no more than this, and probably does mean no more; but then this is much. For in France, on this Polish question the emperor is the restraining, and not, as in the Italian war, the great impelling force. The mass of the people, and more especially the classes through whom the emperor rules, are eager for active operations on behalf of a race in whom they instinctively recognize themselves in semi-Oriental costume. If he gives way, the dyke is cut, and the republication is proof that he is more and more inclined to believe in the expediency of giving way.

The events of the winter must, if we are rightly informed, greatly increase this inclination. The insurrection will not, it is true, wholly cease, for life in Poland just now is so little worth having, that mere personal misery will furnish to the insurgents recruits. When a mourning dress involves Siberia and every man is liable to blows; when the best and ablest are deported in thousands and the right to landed property has virtually ceased to exist; when a foreign soldier is posted as a spy in every *concierge* and every household is infested with Cossacks covered with lice, there will be no lack of men who prefer a picnic ending in death, but rendered pleasant at least by vengeance. But it is nearly certain that the Russian military position is daily becoming stronger, that she can, if she will, commence the course which ends in extermina-

tion, and that she has withdrawn the one man whose name might be "compromised" by an over-lavishness of murder. France may be once more called on to listen to the death-knell of a people who elected her sovereign king, who fought by her side in her epoch of victory, and for whom she has tried, with humiliating persistence, to obtain some moderate terms, may be required to bear with an execution which is for her at once an insult and defeat. Napoleon signed no conditions when he seized in a night upon the throne of France; but there is one which, as he well knows, he can never fail to observe. Even he, with all his privileges, must not trail the flag of France. English coldness and Austrian delays may serve as excuses for a time; but if Poland finally perish in the teeth of French remonstrance, the dynasty will have lost in French eyes its only *raison d'être*. It is not in order to fail abroad that France has surrendered her right of speech at home.

From The Spectator.

HEROES AND THEIR LIKENESSES.

WE doubt whether we, "the heirs of all the ages," have invented any new pleasure by which we shall swell the permanent inheritance of our children much more substantial than that art which enables us, for a few pence, to individualize at a single glance our notions of the exterior form and features of half a hundred distinguished men, whose names are daily before our eyes and achievements upon our lips. There is a set-off to the advantage of railways and telegraphs. They, no doubt, enlarge the opportunities, but for that very reason they sadly increase the fuss and turmoil, of life. But to buy for sixpence a card which gives distinctness to our notions of upwards of fifty distinguished men, who are scattered over a whole continent, living in tents in the tropics, making their head-quarters behind fiercely assaulted batteries, leading cavalry raids into hostile countries, bending their careworn heads over politicians' desks, firing off their random oratory from pulpits, or concocting their sensation telegrams in newspaper offices, is certainly a limited, but also a real enjoyment, which carries no corresponding labor with it. whether it is a privilege in any other sense than a literary pleasure is, perhaps, doubtful. What we gain beyond an agreeable satisfaction of the imagination by seeing, for instance, that the man who gained the battle of Murfreesborough, and who has just crossed the Tennessee and occupied Chattanooga, is a handsome soldier, with a long straight nose that descends directly in the line of the forehead, and a mouth about which there is a

pleasant play of military gallantry, it is not easy to say. But that it is gratifying to substitute this individual face in our minds for the unknown quantity which we had hitherto been obliged to connect with the nine letters of Rosecranz's name, when we hear of that general's exploits, is unquestionable. Who does not feel that "Rosecranz has taken Chattanooga" gives us a livelier interest, after the first word had been translated into a certain limited amount of visual significance, than while both the subject and the predicate of the sentence remained in blank for us, or, at least, only connected themselves in our minds with a number of other propositions concerning each, as equally without impression for the retina? It may be laid down as a certainty that a piece of personal news is interesting in proportion to the number and freshness of our mental associations with the subject of it,—much more interesting, even if we have once brushed against him in the street or seen his back as he turned a corner, or only so much as succeeded him in a morning call, so as to say to ourselves, "He was in the house a few minutes before I entered it,"—than if the track of our life has never in any way approached his own. And though it would be hard to say that it is *instructive* to have once seen the hat and umbrella of the Duke of Wellington vanishing in the distance, the time will, no doubt, come when men who have done so, will read and speak of him with far deeper interest than if they had only read his praises.

Still more, of course, do photographs of eminent men add to the pleasure of reading of their achievements. Do they add much to the real meaning of history? We have before us, in a single *portrait-carte*, fifty-two photographic heads of modern American generals and civilians, some Northern, some Southern, with Washington's calm, old-fashioned face, looking gravely out of the eighteenth century at us, in the centre. Here, within the space of an ordinary *carte*, are congregated the heads that have brewed this storm, so that, sitting quietly at home, we can pierce at fifty-two distinct points the white mist of words and names which hangs over that American chaos. It is not easy at first to define our gain,—and yet every one knows how eagerly a like set of authentic portraits of the Peloponnesian generals and statesmen, a good photographic group of David and his associates in the cave at Ziklag, or even one commanding head belonging to one and the same race in each generation since the Christian era, so as to show the gradual fashioning of time, would be coveted. There are, indeed, spots in the universe where such photographs might still by bare possibility be taken. Some one pointed out, not long ago, that rays of

light which left the earth when Abraham was buying the cave of Machpelah must at the present moment be arriving in some fixed star a few trillion miles away, and might, therefore, with sufficiently sensitive materials, be made to yield a photographic group of that transaction. And, if that were anyhow attainable *here*, instead of only in remote constellations, it cannot be doubted one would read history with a new relish. But what do we learn by connecting a specific face with a catalogue of actions, more than we should know in any case? Even if the photograph be a true likeness of the face, will the face necessarily add to our knowledge of the man? Most men, judging by their own intimacies, would answer in the affirmative; but very often what we call the expression of familiar faces is mere association that we have learned to attach to facial movements, only as we learn to attach ideas of electricity to the sound of thunder. We know that one friend frowns when he is thinking hard, and with him we associate a frown with embarrassed thought; another frowns when he is nervous, and in him the frown denotes shy or sensitive feeling—and then we call those lines in their forehead *expressive*. Yet they are not really expressive originally at all, but only become so by long habit. The first sight of this frown in either face would probably mislead instead of instructing us; we should think it a sign of anger. And thus it is often exceedingly questionable whether the mere vision of a public man's face, not previously or otherwise known to us, is likely to add to our positive knowledge of him, or rather to give us a false impression about him. Here, for example, is a photograph of a three-quarter face, contemplative, serene, Shakspearian, with the collars turned back, with moustache but no beard, exceedingly like the better likenesses of Shakspeare in its upper portion, showing a placid brow and heavy brooding eyelids, only a thinner and, perhaps, ungenial mouth. To which of the American generals do our readers suppose that it belongs? To General Lee or General McClellan? No; but to General Butler. And, supposing the photograph true, will it add anything to our instruction to remember that the tyrant of New Orleans, whose military severities were even less discreditable than his private gains, has a musing, refined, antique, literary face, with, perhaps, a flavor of hard and forbidding lines lurking under the shadow of the moustache? Again, here is a civilian face, solemn, didactic, important, still young, but going in for "judiciousness," the kind of face which one is accustomed to see in men who deprecate indiscreet theories, and school those still younger, telling them that they will learn by sad experience to take

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wiser views in time. Do our readers suppose it must be Mr. Chase or Mr. Memminger, big with financial caution? No; but Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the most discreditably paper in the world, and who is commonly said to have compensated himself once for a severe chastisement, by telegraphing to his own journal a frank "sensation heading" as to the stripes he had received, which sold the edition. Then there is an amiable, weak, confused, woolly-headed-looking military bust, with fat cheeks and head narrowing towards the top, eminently a "worthy" young officer not likely to distinguish himself. It is a "Stonewall" Jackson. Here, again, is a grave, square, open countenance, speaking a frank heart, an earnest devotion to freedom, and the compressed resolve to maintain it at the sacrifice of life. This, surely, must belong to a Northerner of the squarest Republican type. It is the face of John C. Breckinridge, the last Southern candidate for the Presidency. Certainly, in none of these cases does the picture of the countenance and bearing suggest any addition of value to one's knowledge, though it may, perhaps, break the chain of former associations.

On the other hand, there are some heads, generally either the most powerful or the reverse, which it is a permanent satisfaction to have identified in one's mind with the career which has expressed it. Here is the head of Mr. Jefferson Davis, with an imperial eye that seems to see the future and control it, and a mouth strong, thin, compressed, half-ascetic, like Father Newman's, speaking of vast power of self-denial for distant ends, but with a shadow of cynicism and intrigue just hanging about it, that tells a nature not incapable of breaking faith. Here is Mr. Lincoln, honest above all things, not keen, but shrewd, logical as a Scot, anxious as a Yankee, with a sad humor, and a strong touch of coarseness,—not a fine face, not a face at its ease, but trustworthy in the highest degree, and, for the rest, something between a farmer's and an artisan's (too shrewd for the one, too safe for the other) after he has cleaned himself on Sunday morning. Again, there is a satisfaction in connecting this clear-eyed, courtly Vandyck-face with General Lee; this very industrious, painstaking face, which suddenly falls away to nothing, with the Confederate General Johnstone, who has always been going to relieve every place of importance, and has never relieved any; in learning that this sweet and poetical profile belongs to the Federal Lieutenant Mulligan, whose noble defence of Lexington, in Missouri, against overwhelming Southern forces, was one of the greatest exploits of the war; in knowing that refined and manly head to be Governor Sprague's, of Rhode Island, who fitted out a regiment at the commencement

of the war at his own sole expense. Mr. Slidell and Mr. Mason, too, look quite as disagreeable as one could wish. Mr. Slidell is the ideal of a man who would think it a privilege to get into a scrape himself if he could only involve his host and patron too; Mr. Mason, more of the bull-dog, ready to fasten on friends and foes alike. And, finally, there is a great inward peace of mind in making acquaintance with that officer whose bulging forehead is exactly equal in height to the rest of his countenance, the eyebrows bisecting the head. It is the kind of forehead one conceives a morbid desire to break in, in consequence of a moral certainty, seeking, however, physical verification, that the forehead is cavernous, and not solid. If really solid, it is clear that the figure belonging to it would be in stable equilibrium only on the head, and in unstable on the feet, like the spherical-footed dolls children play with, if the sphere constituted the head itself instead of a globe round the feet of the tumbler. Otherwise, it is a good, confused, magnanimous face, that expresses the fullest confidence in its own fuzziness, and belongs to the only officer who always maintained, with much justice that he was not fit for his post.

On the whole, we gather from looking at the likenesses of public men that there are two classes of human faces and frames—those which properly *express* their inhabitants, and those which only by time and association get certain moral associations with them which friends, by experience, learn to interpret, but which are by no means a result of "pre-established harmony." Many men's countenances are strictly opaque fortifications, from behind the veil of which their characters stolidly survey the world, and are never distinctly seen; and even by their friends are known, *in spite of* their features, the interpretation of which is as much a gradually acquired skill as any part of the social tact of life. Others, again, have the art or the misfortune to mould their bodies into real organs of their character, so that the merest stranger can identify them at once. The highest class of power of any sort generally impresses itself somehow upon the face, and the lowest sort of imbecility or iniquity inevitably does so; but between the two there is a large field of an apparently accidental kind,—only some of the occupants of which manage to write their qualities in their face. Some there are, of little note, who inscribe their good humor in jovial eyes, their clumsiness on unmanageable masses of flesh, their sincerity in an open gaze and firm candid mouth. On the other hand, there are quite as many of the second and lower orders of ability and goodness whose faces are not blanks, but yet nothing particular, nothing capable of any interpretation—faces, in short,

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of which the expressiveness does not lie in feature and marked lines, but in characteristic habits of *management*, with which you must be familiar before you can pretend to understand them. But so much does the imagination love distinctness in petty detail, that even in this case it enjoys possessing the evidence that a hero's face is *not* characteristic, and might have belonged to unheroic common sense.

LETTER FROM HON. JOSIAH QUINCY TO MR. LINCOLN.

WE copy below a letter from the venerable Josiah Quincy of this city to President Lincoln, which appears in the *New York Post* with the following explanatory preface:—

"This letter, a copy of which, in the firm and clear handwriting of its author, we have seen, was not intended for the public eye, and it has been acknowledged, as we are told, by Mr. Lincoln in terms of the most frank and cordial nature. We believe that we violate no rule of propriety in laying it before the public, which we have done after consultation with some of Mr. Quincy's friends. There is nothing in it which is otherwise than highly honorable to both him and the eminent personage to whom it is addressed, and the subject is of such universal interest, and is treated in such a manner, that few will dissent from the judgment which we have formed, that the public have a right to read it now, instead of waiting for its future appearance in historic form. One of its remarkable characteristics is the hopeful and confident tone in which it speaks of the eventual victory of the cause of the United States Government. Age is ordinarily timid and desponding, but the age of Mr. Quincy has all the cheerful courage of a vigorous manhood.

"*Hon. Abraham Lincoln*: Sir: Old age has its privileges, which I hope this letter will not exceed. But I cannot refrain from expressing to you my gratification and my gratitude for your letter to the Illinois Convention; happy, timely, conclusive, and effective. What you say concerning emancipation, your proclamation and your course of proceeding in relation to it, was due to truth and your own character—shamefully assailed as it has been. The development is an imperishable monument of wisdom and virtue.

"Negro slavery and the possibility of emancipation have been subjects of my thought for more than seventy years; being first introduced to it by the debates in the convention of Massachusetts for adopting the constitution, in 1788, which I attended. I had subsequently opportunities of knowing

the views on that subject, not only of such men as Hamilton, King, Jay, and Pickering, but also of distinguished slaveholders—of both the Pinckneys, of William Smith of South Carolina, and of many others. With the first of these I had personal intercourse and acquaintance. I can truly say that I never knew the individual, slaveholder or non-slaveholder, who did not express a detestation of it, and the desire and disposition to get rid of it. The only difficulty, in case of emancipation, was, what shall we do for the master, and what shall we do with the slave? A satisfactory answer to both these questions has been, until now, beyond the reach and the grasp of human wisdom and power.

"Through the direct influence of a good and gracious God, the people of the United States have been invested with the power of answering satisfactorily both these questions, and also of providing for the difficulties incident to both, of which, if they fail to avail themselves, thoroughly and conclusively, they will entail shame on themselves and sorrow and misery on many generations.

"It is impossible for me to regard the power thus granted to this people otherwise than as proceeding from the direct influence of a superintending Providence, who ever makes *those mad whom he intends to destroy*.

"The only possible way in which slavery, after it had grown to such height, could have been abolished, is that which Heaven has adopted.

"Your instrumentality in the work is to you a subject of special glory, favor, and felicity. The madness of secession and its inevitable consequence, civil war, will, in their result, give the right and the power of universal emancipation sooner or later. If the United States do not understand and fully appreciate the boon thus bestowed on them, and fail to improve it to the utmost extent of the power granted, they will prove recreant to themselves and posterity.

"I write under the impression that the victory of the United States in this war is inevitable.

"Compromise is impossible. Peace on any other basis would be the establishment of two nations, each hating the other, both military, both necessarily hostile, their territories interlocked, with a tendency to never-ceasing hostility. Can we leave to posterity a more cruel inheritance, or one more hopeless of happiness and prosperity?

"Pardon the liberty I have taken in this letter, and do not feel obliged in any way to take notice of it; and believe me

"Ever your grateful and obliged servant,

"JOSIAH QUINCY.

"Quincy, September 7, 1863."

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Freitchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.
"Halt !" —the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire !" —out-blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane, and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Freitchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

ON HEARING WEEK-DAY SERVICE AT
WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

I.

From England's gilded halls of state
I crossed the Western Minster's gate,
And, 'mid the tombs of England's dead,
I heard the Holy Scriptures read.

II.

The walls around and pillared piers
Had stood well-nigh eight hundred years ;
The words the priest gave forth had stood
Since Christ, and since before the Flood.

III.

A thousand hearts around partook
The comfort of the Holy Book ;
Ten thousand suppliant hands were spread
In lifted stone above my head.

IV.

In dust decayed the hands are gone
That fed and set the builders on ;
In heedless dust the fingers lie
That hewed and heaved the stones on high.

V.

And back to earth and air resolved
The brain that planned and poised the vault—
But undecayed, erect, and fair,
To Heaven ascends the builded Prayer,

VI.

With majesty of strength and size,
With glory of harmonious dyes,
With holy airs of heavenward thought
From floor to roof divinely fraught.

VII.

Fall down, ye bars : enlarge my soul !
To heart's content take in the whole ;
And, spurning pride's injurious thrall,
With loyal love embrace them all !

VIII.

Yet hold not lightly home ; nor yet
The graves on Dunagore forget ;
Nor grudge the stone-gilt stall to change
For deal-board bench of Gorman's Grange.

IX.

The self-same Word bestows its cheer
On simple creatures there as here ;
And thence, as hence, poor souls do rise
In social flight to common skies.

X.

For in the Presence vast and good,
That bends o'er all our livelihood
With humankind in heavenly cure,
We all are like : we all are poor.

XI.

And, sure, God's poor shall never want
For service meet or seemly chant,
And for the gospel's joyful sound
A fitting place shall still be found ;

XII.

Whether the organ's solemn tones
Thrill through the dust of warriors' bones,
Or voices of the village choir
From swallow-haunted eaves aspire ;

XIII.

Or, sped with healing on its wings,
The Word solicit ears of kings,
Or stir the souls, in moorland gleth,
Of kingless covenanted men.

XIV.

Enough for thee, indulgent Lord,
The willing ear to hear thy word ;
And, time and place to match, the tale
For willing ears shall never fail.

S. F.

Dublin, June, 1863.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*

ST. MARGARET'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

I BUILT my castle upon the seaside,
The waves roll so gayly O,
Half on the land and half in the tide,
Love me true !

Within was silk, without was stone,
The waves roll so gayly O,
It lacks a queen, and that alone,
Love me true !

The gray old harper sung to me,
The waves roll so gayly O,
Beware of the damsel of the sea !
Love me true !

Saint Margaret's Eve it did befall,
The waves roll so gayly O,
The tide came creeping up the wall,
Love me true !

I opened my gate ; who there should stand,
The waves roll so gayly O,
But a fair lady, with a cup in her hand,
Love me true !

The cup was gold, and full of wine,
The waves roll so gayly O,
Drink, said the lady, and I will be thine,
Love me true !

Enter my castle, lady fair,
The waves roll so gayly O,

You shall be queen of all that's there,
Love me true !

A gray old harper sung to me,
The waves roll so gayly O,
Beware of the damsel of the sea !
Love me true !

In hall he harpeth many a year,
The waves roll so gayly O,
And we will sit his song to hear,
Love me true !

I love thee deep, I love thee true,
The waves roll so gayly O,
But ah ! I know not how to woo,
Love me true !

Down dashed the cup, with a sudden shock,
The waves roll so gayly O,
The wine like blood ran over the rock,
Love me true !

She said no word, but shrieked aloud,
The waves roll so gayly O,
And vanished away from where she stood,
Love me true !

I locked and barred my castle door,
The waves roll so gayly O,
Three summer days I grieved sore,
Love me true !

For myself a day and night,
The waves roll so gayly O,
And two to mean that lady bright,
Love me true !

EQUINOCTIAL.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE Sun of Life has crossed the line,
The summer-shine of lengthened light
Faded and failed—till, where I stand,
'Tis equal Day and equal Night.

One after one, as dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young, I am not old ;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disrobed of all their green ;
While westerly, along the hills,
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah, middle point, where cloud and storm
Make battle-ground of this my life !
Where, even-matched, the Night and Day
Wage round me their September strife !

I bow me to the threatening gale :
I know, when that is overpast,
Among the peaceful harvest-days,
An Indian summer comes at last !

—*Atlantic Monthly*.